

## Chapter one: An Unexpected Visit

It would be a cold day in hell, before she would ever forgive Rei.

Gritting her teeth, sixteen-year-old Usagi Tsukino stormed into her house. The white sailor shirt was nearly transparent beneath the light above, as drops of water dripped from the blue bow on her chest. Stomping her feet, she slammed the door shut unremorsefully, as her heavy navy blue skirt slapped against her bare legs, with a profound smack.

"Argh she is going to pay!" Pumping her arms up into the air, her blue eyes narrowed indignantly as she stood in the hallway. The blonde haired beauty started for the stairs leading up to the second floor. "I'll never ever talk to her again!"

Her lips pouted, and she stopped in mid step. "Rei why do you have to be so mean!!!" She pouted; her eyes filling with unshed tears. Her eyes dropped to her soaking wet clothes, and she sighed. And here she had thought the pyro was her friend.

Ha!

No friend of hers would dump a bucket of ice-cold water on her head, just because she fell asleep during study hour. She pondered over this thought, as she climbed the stairs.

Usagi hurried down the narrow hallway to the closed bedroom door. Throwing it open, she breezed into the room without fault. Dropping her bag onto the floor, she plopped down onto her twin size bed.

"Oh what a day!! I hate school!" She wrinkled her nose, as she slipped her sopping wet shoes from her feet. "Hey Luna!"

The black cat she had rescued from a group of kids, only two years ago, jumped onto her bed. A golden crescent moon flickered in her forehead, as the cat's garnet eyes gazed at her.

"Why are you all wet Usagi?"

Usagi tossed her shoes to the side, and then went to work on removing her soggy socks. Tossing them aside, they landed with a plop on the carpet. She stood, and stretched lazily. Luna sighed, "You fell asleep in study again, didn't you?"

The blonde frowned, "You make it sound like it's a bad thing!" She crossed her arms over her chest huffily. "I didn't get any sleep last night, so I took a small nap. Rei had no right pouring water on my head!" She pointed at her lopsided buns angrily.

Usagi sighed, her anger subsiding, "I need a hot bath." With that she left the room in the same manner she had entered. Crossing the hall, she slipped into the bathroom, and shut the door behind her.

"How dare she, picking sides! Oooh. No cat nip for this kitty, nope!" She stared at the close door, and nodded her head. Turning on the warm tap, she waited for it to reach the right temperature, before she slipped out of her cold wet clothes.

She pulled the long pigtails up into loops, and tied them securely, before she moved back to the bath. Easing herself into the hot water, she leaned back. She sighed in self-satisfaction, tilting her head back ever so slightly. What a necessity it was, to have hot water.

Usagi closed her eyes, letting the water soak into her skin, warming her.

It was then she heard it, the distant ringing of the phone. Groaning, because she would have to cut her bath short, she heaved herself out of the water. Letting it drain, she hopped out of the tub.

Grabbing the towel off the hanger, she jerked the bathroom door open. Slipping the towel around her slim form, she hurried down the hall. "Oooh don't hang up, don't hang up!" She bounded down the stairs, her wet feet padding softly on the carpet. She missed a step, and in the process, lost her balance. With a yelp, she came down in a rush, sliding on her rear the rest of the way.

"Ow!!!" She jumped to her feet, rubbing her rear, with tears in her eyes. "Oh that's going to leave a mark!!!"

"Stop acting like a baby Usagi, and get the phone." Shooting the black cat a glare, Usagi raced into the kitchen. She rounded the corner, the phone ringing for the fifth time. She ripped the receiver from the wall, "Moshi, moshi!" The greeting came out breathlessly, but came out audible nonetheless.

"Usagi?"

Her heart dropped to her toes, the excitement slightly dieing on her face. It wasn't her Mamo chan. "Hai. What can I do for you Setsuna?"

The voice on the other end hesitated slightly, "I hope you're not busy. I will be stopping over in a few minutes to discuss something with you." The young woman on the other end sounded calm as ever. Even though getting a call from her must mean something of grave importance, Usagi seemed not entirely worried. "Sugoi! See you then Sets chan!"

"Ja ne"

Usagi said her goodbyes, and hung the phone up. Luna leaped to the counter. "That was Setsuna?" Her eyes worried, she gazed at the girl expectantly. Usagi shrugged, "Hai. She says she'll be over in a few minutes."

Moving around the counter, she opened the freezer, and peered inside. "How does pizza sound Luna?" She pulled out one off the rack, and stared at it. "Oooh four cheese!"

Luna sighed, shaking her head, "Usagi please pay attention. This could be something very important. Setsuna never asks to see any of us, unless something dangerous is lurking nearby."

The blonde rolled her eyes, "Luna you worry to much!" She slammed the freezer door shut, and moved to the stove. She set the temp on the oven, and leaned against the counter lazily. "Setsuna told us, that after Galaxia there would be no more battles from now to Crystal Tokyo. I'm sure the Guardian of Time didn't make a mistake."

She sighed, as she tightened the thin towel around her wet form. "There hasn't been a sign of danger in weeks. Ami has scanned the city numerous times. And even Rei has done fire readings twice a week." She looked over at Luna. "We're prepared Luna, so stop worrying, okay." The oven beeped, the temperature was set.

Usagi took the pizza out of its package, then set it on a circular cookie sheet, and put it in the oven. She set the time to 17 minutes, and hit start. Luna shook her head. "I know, but there is nothing wrong with being worried, when the Guardian of Time wishes to speak with the Tsuki no Hime so suddenly."

Resting against the counter Usagi sighed, as if she hadn't heard Luna speak at all. "I'm famished. I had such a long day! My teacher held me back again, the nerve of her. Oh well." The blonde glanced around the kitchen. Luna frowned, slightly displeased by the blonde's flippant manner.

"I don't even want to ask what Shingo was trying to cook this morning."

She glanced down at her cat, to see the black feline cringe. She giggled, "that bad?" Luna looked at her, and replied, "You have no idea."

Usagi turned to the stove, glancing at the timer. "Guess Otosan will be working late tonight. Okaasan must have gone to get groceries. I hope she won't be out too long, I really want to ask her something." She glanced down at her cat, to see that she had caught Luna's attention.

"Oh it's nothing serious. I've been having these weird dreams."

Luna scratched at her head lazily, as she asked, "What kind of dreams?" The blonde slid down to the floor, and scooped the cat into her arms. "I don't think they're too significant. Just little bits and pieces about a man." She bit her lip, holding back the thought of the boy who came to some of her dreams as well.

Worried, Luna asked, "When did they start? You haven't said anything about them before." Usagi nodded, staring blankly at the wall. "Don't worry, I'm sure it's nothing." Yawning, she glanced at the timer. "Well I better get something on before Setsu can get here." She stood, setting Luna down carefully. Moving passed the black cat she left the kitchen.

Hurrying through the living room, she started up stairs; she took her time, not wanting to slip again. Moving down the hall, she stopped at the bathroom, and collected her wet clothes. "Better clean my room, before Okaasan sees it. I'll need my allowance so I can play that new Sailor V game that just came out."

She moved to her bedroom door turning the knob slowly, and pushed the door open. Stepping into the room, she dropped her clothes into a pile on the floor. "There, all clean."

Her room was in disarray, of magazines, old movies, stuffed animals and clothing.

She turned around, her intention being to sit down on her bed. She froze, her eyes falling onto what stood on her bed with a bewildered look on its face.

Usagi stood transfixed, her face slightly horrified at the sight. She had never seen anything like it. Opening her mouth, the blonde haired girl, let out a terrified scream that filled the house, with its shrillness.

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Well What do you think? I know I know, a little fast, but I want to get to the plot of this story, which sort of comes out in the next two chapter.

I told you I would come out with the sequel, just took me a while to write it, sigh, but hey I tried.

Well answers to reviews I got to my last chapter.

1. Sailor Neo-Angel: Yes I realized that when I read the book. When I started this prequel, I only watched the movie, so I made that horrible mistake. But I will correct it. : D. Oh I do plan on doing my own little thing for the 5th book. But that will happen in the Bunny Moon series. As for other good HP/SM stories. Neo-QueenRini is writing a good one, and so is Serenity Silvermoon, and also Brightness. Only if they could finish the stories. But like I have room to talk hehe {-\_-}

2. Cloverweave: thank you so much. I completely forgot about the other Bludger. Ugg silly me, I'm very unobservant. Again ty :D

Well I do hope you enjoy this sequel. I hope to get this out quick, along with my new story idea Harry Potter and Lunarian Witch, where this story stems off from. ENJOY!

Tata for now LP Signing out

## Chapter two: The Unexplained

"Wha-what are you?" Usagi stared at the thing standing on her bed, with wide frightful eyes. Swallowing, she stammered, "I'm war-warning you." She swooped down to her pile of clothes, and ripped the locket that had been set in the middle of the bow on her sailor shirt.

The thing on her bed only raised its hand, before Usagi leaped into action. She dove to the ground, throwing her hands up over her head. "I'm too young to die!!!"

The creature let out a squeak of fright, covering its face with its hands.

Luna barreled into the room, "What happened, I heard a scream!" She slid to a stop, her eyes landing on the cowering blonde. Worried, she searched the room for potential danger.

She spotted it on Usagi's bed.

"Don't just lay there, transform!"

Usagi lifted her head, "Uh- r-right. Moon Eternal, Make-up!" With a flash of light, her towel was replaced with a new uniform. Still in a pose after her transformation, she quoted, "I fight for love and justice, in name of the moon, I'll punish you, for I am Sailor Moon!"

She stared at the creature wearily, waiting for it to jump at her, with sharp teeth and claws. The creature covered its head with its arms, trembling.

"Err- aren't you going to attack me?" She blinked, staring at the creature expectantly.

"N-no, Winky would never attack Miss Usagi Tsukino. Winky only comes to ask for Miss Usagi Tsukino's help." The creature peeked up from between its fingers, shaking.

Usagi blanched, her left eyes slightly twitching. "Oh." She looks down at Luna, who still stood on guard. "Why do you need my , what's your name?"

The creature on the bed trembled even more, "Winky, Miss Usagi Tsukino. Winky is only a lowly house elf. Winky works in the kitchens at Hogwarts." Usagi laughs nervously, scratching the back of her neck. "Heh, heh, I knew that!" Laying down her staff, she dropped to her knees before the elf. "So why do you need my help?"

Winky's face filled with horror, and she pulled away. "Winky is a lowly house elf. Winky serves her wizard family the best Winky can." The elf turned to look at the blonde, big brown eyes staring with hope. "Winky has come in hopes to persuade Miss Usagi Tsukino."

The blonde on the floor frowned, her eyes slightly skeptical. But the house elf went on anyway. "Persuade Miss Usagi Tsukino to come back to Hogwarts."

A golden eyebrow rose at this statement. "Come back? But I've never been to a hogwarts." She turned to look at her advisor. "I don't remember a hogwarts." Something deep within her heart gave a nice tug, and it caught her breath.

Hogwarts?

It sounded familiar, like the man in her dreams looked familiar. And like how the boy seemed familiar.

"What is a hogwarts?"

The house elf shook its head, looking distraught. "Miss Usagi Tsukino must remember. Winky works at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." The elf began to wring its fingers nervously.

Usagi pulled back, trying to remember. But there was nothing there. It was just a name, a place that was frightening familiar, but a faint memory. Just like the people in her dreams, just a memory she couldn't grasp.



Suddenly Winky pulled something from the tea towel it wore like a toga, and held it out. "Winky was given this by the Headmaster Albus Dumbledore. Headmaster Albus Dumbledore wishes Winky to give this to Miss Usagi Tsukino."

Usagi took the letter, and gingerly turned it over in her hand. She stared at the writing written neatly on the envelope. "How strange." It was addressed to her, with her address, and it even mentioned her pink a white bedroom.

She looked back at the house elf, wondering if it was some kind of joke.

Suddenly a warm glow formed in the middle of her room. Whirling around, Usagi spotted a purple void swirling about in front of her door. Someone stepped out, holding a staff tightly in her right hand. "I see I have arrived just in time."

"Sailor Pluto!"

Usagi scrambled to her feet, still clutching the letter.

The portal closed silently, behind the Guardian of Time, as she inspected the room. Her garnet eyes landed on the house elf still standing on the bed, trembling. She nodded faintly, before turning to the blonde haired girl. "Usagi." She sighed again, "I would have come sooner, but I. was held up." Her eyes flickered over the elf again, a frown creasing her brow.

"You should read your letter Usagi, and then I will tell you everything you need to know." She turned to look at the shorter girl.

Usagi peeled open the seal, and pulled out the parchment from inside. Unfolding it, she read what it said. She had to read it twice more to make sure she was reading it correctly.

Looking up, she narrowed her eyes on the elder senshi. "Setsuna what is this all about?"

The young woman didn't answer right away, but instead moved across the room. She stopped at the window, peering out at the street. She watched a group of children cross the road, and noted the old woman pruning her garden.

Several minutes passed, before the dark haired woman lifted her head, and began, "Remember when I told you, after the battle of Galaxia, that the senshi won't be needed till the forming of Crystal Tokyo?" She tilted her head ever so slightly, to look at her princess.

Usagi crossed her arms over her chest thinking. "Hai I do. What are you getting at Sets?"

The guardian of time slowly turned, and she looked at the shorter girl with a sad smile. "Well, I lied."

?????

Usagi opened her mouth wanting to say something, but closed it. She opened it again, something at tip of her tongue, but she cut herself off by shutting her mouth once more. She did a great mimic of a fish out of water.

Luna stepped forward, slightly horrified at the news. "Pluto, what is this meaning of this? Explain yourself!"

Pluto looked down at the black cat, slightly aloof. Usagi raised her hand, as if to silence the room. "Can I say something?" The guardian waved a hand for her to continue as she nodded. Luna glanced at her, her red eyes fuming.

Moving to the taller woman, Usagi grabbed her by the shoulders, and gave her a hard shake. "Pluto, what do you mean you lied! You can't lie, you're the Guardian of Time, it goes against your, your, thingy." The blonde pulled back, and began to pace the floor. "This isn't good. Pluto how could you do this? If we knew, we could have prepared ourselves." She turned on the woman, "Tell me everything, I order you, as your-."

She held up a single gloved hand, her garnet eyes calm as ever. "You're highness, please." She waited, till the blonde teen calmed herself, before she continued. "Your past has come to repeat itself. I'd thought I had taken every measure to keep this from happening, but I forgone one mishap."

Usagi raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms uneasily over her chest. She fidgeted from one foot to the other. "And that is?"

The time guardian sighed, "The consequences of my interventions of another world."

The blonde snorted, "Beg your pardon?" She made a move towards her bed, where the house elf still sat. "Hogwarts." She turned to look at the older woman again. "What are you not telling me Setsuna?"

Pluto reached up to massage her forehead, stalling for time to think. "You had another life, one before this one. I had thought, or at least hoped, you could have helped him."

Usagi blurted out, "The boy, the one from my dreams. So they're actually memories?" She fell onto the bed, her legs too weak to support her.

The dark haired woman nodded, "Hai. I tried to destroy all ties of you from his world. But I overlooked one tiny shard." She moved towards the girl, kneeling down before her princess. She pointed at the brooch in the middle of the bow on the girl's chest.

Usagi looked down, "The crystal? What does the crystal have to do with this?" She held her hands up to it, and let the crystal float out. Pluto answered, "You have never been able to seek its full power since that day. Not in any of your battles have you been able to tap into its full potential." She pointed at the jewel, the tip of her finger pointed precisely at a certain spot.

"Before the crystal could rejuvenate, a shard had been taken. And because of this, all the ties have not been severed." She pulled back, standing so that she looked down at the shorter senshi. "You have to

go back Usagi. You have to find the remaining link that binds you to their world."

The blonde glanced over at the elf. Then at the letter she still clutched in her hand. "B-but Puu, I can't do this! I don't know anything about magic!"

Pluto smirked, stepping further away. "I have said all that I need to say. I will be back to take you to Hogwarts on September 1st." Usagi shot to her feet, "But Setsuna! What about the others? And September is only a few days away! Setsuna!"

A portal opened up behind the guardian. "Only Usagi will be needed. See you in a week your highness." With that said, she stepped into the portal, leaving Usagi in her room alone with the house elf, and a disgruntled feline.

Usagi turned to look at the elf, only to find it too had disappeared. "Just great! What am I going to do Luna? I don't know anything about magic!" Her bottom lip quivered as she turned to her advisor.

But Luna didn't answer; she instead continued to stare at the spot Setsuna had vanished from.

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Well there you go, yes I know the chapter is short, but I promise the next one will be much longer, I hope. Its just I didn't want to add more, to ruin the next chapter. This story will be full of comedy and I hope to keep you laughing.

Singing out LP

### Chapter three: The Journey

She only wanted to know was, What the Hell is Going On?

Usagi stared up at the ceiling, for the umpteenth time that minute, pondering over the meeting with Setsuna not for the first time that day. Opening one of the books, she had found on her bed after waking up that morning, she wondered why Setsuna wanted her to forget that life.

Flipping through the pages, she tried to grasp the words, but it was like trying to understand Physics. Which she almost failed two years running. Stopping at a page, she stared at the picture. She frowned and glanced back at the cover.

Spells?

How was she supposed to understand them when they were in a different language? She pressed her nose into the book, to read the tiny writing. "Accio broom?"

She scowled, what kind of spell was that?

Wham!

Usagi shrieked falling off her bed, when something slammed into her bedroom door. Sitting on the floor, she stared at the plank of wood in fear. What on Earth-

"Usagi! Have you seen the broom?"

No way.

Usagi tentatively got up, and at a snail's pace, made her way to the door. Reaching out slowly, she grasped the doorknob firmly. She turned brass knob, before pulling the door open. Her eyes dropped to the old broom lying on the floor in front of her.

"Oh Kami Sama." she stared at it dazed till she heard her mother shouting, "Usagi, the broom? Someone knocked over this vase, and I need to get it cleaned up before you Otosan gets home."

"Uh, Hai okaasan, it' here." She stared at it for some time, before she dragged her eyes to the book lying on her bed. A Cheshire grin slowly spread across her face.

"Sugoi!"

She slammed the door shut, and skipped to her bed, with renewed interest for the book.

?????

Usagi ran her hands over her hair, rinsing the shampoo suds from her blonde locks.

From what she gathered, Setsuna didn't want her talking to the girls. And in the last five days, she had seen neither hide nor hair of Luna. Which only meant one thing.

"Damn that cat, she gotten into the cat nip again." Usagi shook her head, before tilting her head to the side. Cleaning the soap from around her ears, she sighed in contempt. Nothing like a long hot shower.

"Odango!"

Usagi glared at the wall in front of her. "I'm in the shower you baka!" Annoying little brother. She gritted her teeth in aggravation, as her younger brother continued to pound on the bathroom door. "You're using all of hot water Odango! It's my turn in the bathroom."

Usagi rolled her eyes to the ceiling. She suddenly liked him better when he was eleven. At least then she could call him squirt, and stood a chance at one on one. But he was thirteen now, and was suddenly taller than her. Which was unnerving, when she called him little brother.

The pounding didn't cease, and her patience began to run thin. She was Eternal Sailor Moon, the protector of the Universe. She had defeated every enemy thrown at her, had purified those who wanted to be free from darkness. Her left eye twitched, when something slammed into the door next to the bathroom. Nearly screaming, she shouted, "Shingo, I'm in the shower!" She cried out in frustration when he continued his assault on the poor plank of wood. "All right he's asking for it."

Wrenching the curtain aside, she thrust her head out into the cold moist air. Pointing her finger at the door, she snapped, "Locomotor Mortis."

She heard a shout from the other side, and something hit the ground with a thud. Grinning from ear to ear, Usagi blew the tip of her finger, before slipping back into the shower. Shutting the curtain, she began to hum the theme song of Sailor V.

Stepping out of the shower minutes later, she wrapped the fluffy white towel around her naked form, before moving to the door. Pulling it open, she looked down to find her brother Shingo struggling to stand up. "Usagi, I think my legs are broken!"

A single blonde brow rose, "why do you say that?" She eyed his legs, and seeing them locked together, added "They seem okay to me." She moved past him, to her room on the other side of the hallway. She pushed the door open, but stopped to lean back out.

"Oh yea, bathroom is all yours." She winked, and slipped into her room, slamming the door in her brother's face. Usagi squealed with delight, "It worked!"

Bouncing around her room, she could barely contain her excitement.

"Well I see something has put you into a good mood." Usagi looked at the person sitting on her bed. "Oh so you actually came back." The grin never left her face, as she studied Setsuna who was seated at the edge of her pink and white bed.

The young woman nodded, "Hai. It is time for us to leave. Are you ready?"

Usagi looked around the room, "I don't know what I will need. Umm." She grabbed the brooch from her school uniform, and then snatched up her Sailor V mangas. Setsuna replied, "I have everything you will need. Luna is waiting for us."

"Luna?" She frowned looking around her room, "what about-hey!" Her arms flew up to her head, where Setsuna had hit her with Time Staff. "What was that- whoa?" She looked down at herself; her body was tingly all over. Usagi gasped, to find not her body, but her room.

"What did you do to me!" She felt herself, to find her body still there, but she couldn't see it. Setsuna replied calmly, "This will hide you from prying eyes."

Usagi scowled, "What do you mean prying eyes?" She went to clap her hands, but missed by a mile, and ended up hitting her shoulder. "Setsuna change me back!"

The older woman replied softly, "Not until we reach Hogwarts. Here take this."

Usagi stared at the broom, "A broom?" It took her several tries, but she was able to grab it, "what am I going to do with a broom?"

"Everything you need, will be in your room at Hogwarts. This broom will take you there." Usagi adjusted her grip on the broom, "What about a portal?" She glanced around the room, "Why can't we use your portal thingies?"

Chuckling, Setsuna replied softly, "Usagi for you to get to this world, you will need to learn that world." At the silence that answered her, the young woman added, "there are many things I haven't foretold you, but on your journey read the letter, and all will be explained."

Usagi wrinkled her nose in frustration, and she wished she could see her hands. Wringing the Guardian of Time's neck was so tempting



she almost went for it. But she couldn't tell where her hands were, let alone how to direct them to the taller woman's neck.

"But Setsuna."

She shook her head, her dark tresses moving about her elegant form. "Once you land, go into the nearest bathroom." Holding out a bag, she continued, "Take this with you. By then your disguise will fade, so you must be quick."

Pausing to think something over, she tapped the end of her manicured finger against her chin. "Once you are finished, go to King's Cross it will be to your right." Raising her right arm, she ignored the glare she could feel directed at her. "Find platform 9 and 10. If you lean against the wall, you will land at the platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ ."

Usagi stared, "Okay." it was all a dream, she told herself. Sailor Pluto would never tell her to do something like this. It was all one crazy dream, because she had one to many helpings of her mother's pie.

'Okay, I'll follow along. And hopefully I'll wake up before I get to hogwarts.'

Setsuna moved to the window and pulled it open. "The train leaves exactly at 11 tomorrow morning. Don't be late, or you'll have to fly there."

Nodding, Usagi glanced at the broom; she had seen a movie about this.

"Mount your broom, and kick off the ground." Grunting, Usagi nearly laughed, but was able to stop herself from doing so.

She swung her leg over the broom, and nearly fell over when she hit the end of it. Steadying herself, she kicked the ground, and felt herself rise. "Kami!" She barely leaned forward, before the broom shot forward. She slammed into her bedroom wall missing the window by a good two feet. "Sets, I cant see where I'm going!" She pursed her lips into the pout, as she tried kicking her feet in the air, hoping to move herself in the right direction.

Slowly she reached the window, and floated out into the air. "Oh." she looked down, and felt nausea rise up in her throat. "I want to go home! Put me down, put me down!" She felt a hand grab her by her shoulder, "Its all right Usagi. Best put something warmer on though, that towel will not hold your heat in."

The blonde flushed, how could the woman let her leave her room in nothing but a towel, "SETSUNA!"

?????

Her hands gripping the wooden handle, Usagi wasn't sure if she wanted to faint or vomit. The heights was making her dizzy, while the cold air hitting her bluntly in the face, was freezing her skin. She felt a little lightheaded, and her heart was beating a mile a minute. "You stupid broom, cant we land already!"

Her bottom lips were frozen, she would have pouted, if her lips could move. Frost had gathered on her lashes, which had still been wet from her shower. She gave up crying a long time ago, since her last teardrop had frozen to her flushed cheeks.

She had dressed warmly, but not warm enough. Down below, she could see a city as they flew over. The people were smaller than ants to her eyes.

Shivering from the cold, she was jolted from her thoughts, when the broom began to drop. Looking down, she watched as the broom brought her closer and closer to the ground below. Leaning forward, she kissed the handle of the broom, "Domo artigato!" She never felt such joy to see a city street.

When her feet touched the cement, her knees shook from the force. Gritting her teeth, she swung her leg over the broom, and held it at her side. In front of her was a bathroom, the girls just slightly to the right.

Quickly she rushed to the door. It swung open as someone slipped out, and she ducked inside without touching the door. Her body was getting tingly again.

Pulling out the bag Setsuna had given her earlier; she slipped into one of the empty stalls. Setting the bag on the toilet because there wasn't a lot of room, she scrounged around inside.

"What is this?" She pulled out an odd looking outfit, and turned it around to see it. She frowned as she studied the material. It was soft against her fingers, and silky as she let it slip back into the bag. It was nicely made, but it wasn't from any designer she heard of.

She stripped from the dress she had put on earlier. "What am I going to do with that broom?" The reply she was given was, "Sweep the floor, what else would you do with it?"

Usagi threw herself back, nearly screaming, in fright. From the communicator in the bag, Setsuna's face peered out at her. Breathing raggedly, she struggled to regain her composure.

From the stall next to her a toilet flushed, and the door opened. Someone slipped out, and the sound of water from the sink could be heard. Staring at the door, Usagi waited till the door to the bathroom shut, before she unlocked her stall door. Peering out, she sighed, "That was close."

"Naturally. Now let me see." Usagi stepped out into the bathroom.

"Setsuna this is hideous!"

Setsuna shook her head, "you forgot something." Usagi peered back into the bag, and pulled out the softest fabric she had ever felt. "It goes around your waist." Tying it, she looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Perfect. Madam Malkin was right."

Looking down at herself Usagi frowned. It wasn't something she was used to wearing. Turning, she looked at herself from all angles. "I

guess its okay." It looked good, but it didn't look right. "I miss my school uniform. Can't I wear that instead?"

Setsuna shook her head, "lie, I will speak with you later." The screen went blank, leaving Usagi to her thoughts. She tore her eyes from the soft pink robes to her bag. Grabbing that and her broom, she left the bathroom.

"Okay, now did she say left or right?" "Are you telling me you didn't listen to Setsuna's directions?" Blinking, Usagi looked down at the white cat in her bag. "Artimis?" The golden crescent moon flashed, "Of course. Do you think Setsuna has lost all of her marbles, letting the hime travel London alone, I think not."

Usagi rolled her eyes slightly annoyed. "She said left I'm sure of it." Turning that way, she was interrupted by Artimis's curt reply, "She said right Usagi." Flushing, the blonde turned right, and hurried to King Cross, which was, only yards away from the bathroom.

?????

"Lets see, platform 9, platform 9. She did say 9, right? Or was it 8?" Her bottom lip trembled at the thought of being lost, especially in a City she had never been to.

Artimis shook his head sadly, "Hai Usagi, Platform 9 and 10. That one." He pointed with his paw at the stonewall a few feet away.

Sighing with relief, she wiped her hands across her brow, "Oh artigato Kami Sama." A quick glance over her shoulder, made her blush. Two adults were pointing at her, and whispering. "Don't look her in the eye dear." A mother dragged the curious little girl away, moving around the couple that continued to stare at her.

A bead of sweat appeared above her brow, as the gauntly old woman snorted at her with disgust. Usagi's face went red, and she shouted, "Take a picture, it last longer!"

Snap

Slowly turning on her heels, she ignored the strange stares she was receiving from those around her. Instead she looked at the boy with pale blonde hair. Her left eye began twitch, and her lips form a straight line, as her patients dropped a few notches. For some unearthly reason the boy reminded her of Shingo. And because of that little factor, her annoyance soared off the charts.

"Why you little!"

The boy took off with a shout, a boy who looked like a younger of the first followed, but not after taking a quick picture of the raging blonde.

Suddenly deflating, she swiped her hands together, "Okay what's next?" The people around her continued on their way, but now they seemed to steer clear of her path.

He shook his head, "can't you for once not bring attention to yourself?" Still grinning as she made her way to the platform, she replied, "Gomen, but it is a little hard when people see me talking to my bag." The white cat glowered at her, his blue showing he was not impressed by her airy attitude.

"What I want to know is why you are taking this so well?" He eyed the girl closely, as they reached the barrier. "You're supposed to lean against it."

Touching the wall, she frowned, "If you say so." Putting her weight against the wall, she let out a startled yelp when she fell through. "Whoa." Looking up from the floor, she stared at the entrance she had come from. "Weird." Pushing herself to her feet, she grabbed her broom, and turned to the platform.

"Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ ." Her eyes fell upon the train, as hot steam blasted into the air. The clock nearby stated she had two minutes before the train was going to leave.

Hurrying, she searched for a place she could sit. She entered the first compartment, hoping she could find a place alone. "Here Usagi, this one." Opening the door, she found it empty. Setting her things down,

Usagi closed the door to her seating room. Taking a seat on the lone bench, she sighed. "Oh, my feet are killing me."

Artimis climbed out of the bag, and grunted, "You've barely been walking for fifteen minutes." Scowling at cat, she blew him a raspberry.

"How mature."

Giggling, Usagi reached into the pockets of her robes, and found the letter Winky had given her. "Setsuna said I should read this." Unfolding it, she held out the piece of parchment in front of her.

Dear Miss Tsukino,  
I am pleased to hear you wish to return to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Miss Pluto has informed me of your predicament, and I will be happy to be of service in anyway I can. Term begins on September 1. I'll await your arrival, on that day.  
Yours sincerely,  
Albus Dumbledore,  
Headmaster

"He acts like he knows me." Folding the letter, she stuffed it back into her robes. "That didn't explain anymore than what I knew." She sighed miserably, crossing her arms over her chest. "What am I supposed to do at this school anyway?"

Artimis curled up next to her, "I don't know, Luna should know." Scratching the white cat behind the ears, she stated with a yawn, "I think I'm going to take a nap." Lying down on the seat, she pulled her knees to her chest, with Artimis in her arms.

"Artimis, wake me up when we get there."

He chuckled, "All right hime, sweet dreams."

She giggled lazily, her eyes nearly closed. A soft smile graced her lips as she murmured, "sweet dreams Arti-"

?????

Usagi shot up, a strangled scream caught in her throat. "Oh kami." She gagged, as her body shook with a tremendous force.

"Usagi?" Artemis stood from where he had landed when the girl had thrown him off. "Usagi!"

She was hyperventilating, her stomach heaving as she gasped for air. "Those eyes." The ones from her dream, it was imprinted into her mind. She dropped her face into her hands, the image coming in sharp. "Usagi what happened? What did you see?"

Lifting her head, Usagi stared down at the white cat. "I-I don't know what I saw. It was hideous, with red eyes. And so much hate." Her hand grasped the cloth over her chest, and she shivered. "It was a dream, I've had it before, but not as real as it was this time."

"Are you going to be okay?" The white cat stared up at her with concern. She nodded, "Hai I think so. Are we almost there?" Artemis nodded, "they just announced that we will be arriving in five minutes. Better get our things together."

Usagi nodded, and reached for her bag. She waited till Artemis jumped inside, before she stood. Looking out the window, she could barely make anything out in the dark. They must have been traveling for hours.

The train lurched, the wheels on the track squealing as the brakes were applied. Stumbling forward, she ran into the door of her compartment. "OWIE!" Her hand flew up to her nose, and she pouted, "that hurt!"

Chuckling, Artemis stated bluntly, "that's what you get for standing before the train came to a stop." Sticking her tongue out at him she snatched up her broom. It wasn't until the train came to a complete stop, before she pulled open her door.

The corridor was packed with students trying to get to the exit. Pushing her way through, she was nearly shoved to the ground three times. Her feet felt worst now than they had before she got on the

train. At least seven kids had stepped on them on her way. Reaching the exit, she missed the first step, and went sailing down.

Artimis jumped, and elegantly landed on his feet about a yard away. Usagi unluckily landed on her butt at the foot of the steps. "Oh." things couldn't have gotten worst, or so she had thought.

"Ouch, that's my hair!" Clambering to her feet, she was nearly thrown back, when her pigtail jerked her back. Grabbing it, she tugged at it, trying to free it from beneath some kid's foot.

When the said kid moved forward, Usagi jerked hard, and was thrown off her feet by the momentum.

She let out a pathetic whimper from where she laid on her back. Artimis reached her, and stared down at her. "Usagi?" Glaring at the white cat she snapped, "Don't say a word!" Sitting up, she climbed to her feet, this time without troubles.

Tugging at the pink robes, she adjusted them till her outfit was fixed. "What a day." Artimis chuckled, and jumped up onto her shoulder. "We better get going, don't want to be left behind."

She nodded, "Right just let me find my bag, and broom, boy that sounded cheesy." "Cheesy, how so?" Usagi shrugged, "It sounded like it belonged in some old movie. Hold on dear let me find my bag and broomstick." She giggled.

"Miss Tsukino."

Yelping with surprise, she whipped around to find herself face to face with oddly enough, a familiar looking old man. He had silvery white hair, with a matching beard, which fell to about his waist, in length.

"Um, gomen, who are you?" She hoped she didn't sound stupid to him as she did to her own ears. With her luck, which so far wasn't good luck, he was Albus Dumbledore. Glancing at the fairly odd stares she was receiving from students nearby, she assumed that her guess was correct. "You must be Albus?"



Kami let me be right.

"Yes I am, and you are Miss Usagi. Here I found these, I believe they are yours?" He held in his hands, her broom and bag. "Oh domo artigato, hai!"

Grinning, she grabbed them, "I, err well I got your letter." He nodded, "I gathered that, please follow me." He turned and stared off down a path, which a group of students were taking. Hurrying to catch up, she reached his side, and matches her pace to match his, "I." she waved her hand for him to move in closer. Glancing around, she whispered, "Well can you help me with something?"

Albus faintly smiled, "Yes as I said in the letter I would be happy to help you with whatever you might need." The path they took, led them to line of carriages. Usagi stared at the odd creature tied to the buggies. Stopping, she hardly noticed that the older man had climbed into the last empty carriage.

Shaking her head, she ignored the fact that most of the kids seemed to not notice the ugly beasts. Climbing in after the headmaster, she sat across from him. "Well, I don't know anything world. Can you fill me in on what I'm going to be doing here?"

He nodded, as he leaned back into his seat. The carriage began to move, the creature pulling them to some unknown destination. "Well Pluto has told me a little about you, and why you have come. That I cannot help you with, for I do not know where the fragment could be.

This world is not much different from yours. The muggles are similar to the muggles living in our world. They live each day without knowledge of our existence. We use magic, which you will learn from those books I gave to Pluto. We also use owls to deliver mail."

He paused, his hand scratching at his beard. "During your year here you will learn many things, but if you have questions, all you will need to do, is ask me, or anyone of the other Professors."

Usagi nodded, "Okay, so is there something I need to do before I become a student. I read in one of those books about Houses?"

The frown that appeared on his face did nothing to ease the tension building at the side of her head. "Is something wrong?" She looked him over, searching for something that might give her a clue as to what could have been wrong. Kami please don't have a heart attack, I do not know CPR!

Albus shook his head, "I see Pluto has forgotten to inform you of something of great importance."

"Eh?"

"Miss Usagi, you will not be sorted, because you're going to be at Hogwarts training to become the next Headmistress."

"Nani?!?!"

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Well there you go, chapter three. I hoped you like it. This story is going to be based off my last fic not by the Order of the Phoenix. This take place in the seventh year so about a year and a half has gone by since Usagi's untimely demise. But also it takes place after the Stars series, with Mamoru in America.

So tell me what you think in your reviews I really appreciate it. ttyl LP signing out.

## Chapter Four:

### Just the First Week

Usagi never felt more faintish than she did now. She was hyperventilating. The news she had just heard was like a blow to the chest, knocking the air from her lungs. Her head was spinning, and she had to grab onto the wall, to keep herself from falling out of the carriage.

“Miss Usagi, are you all right?”

“Can’t breathe.”

Looking at him, with wild blue eyes, she lunged at him. Her hand grabbed a hold of his robes, and she jerked his face to hers, so that their noses touched. Ruthlessly breathing through her nose, she gasped, “What did you say?”

A single silver eyebrow rose with worry. “During your stay here at Hogwarts, you will be in training.” His hands covered hers, and carefully, he uncurled her fingers from his robes. Pulling back, he let her go, and fixed his garments. “I am getting too old, to be the headmaster at this school, for very much longer. So I need someone, to take my place. Pluto came to me, with her request, and I agreed. I believe you will make a fine Headmistress. But while you are training, you will fill in as the teacher for the Defense Against the Dark Arts class.”

“Nande kuso!” She looked at him incredulously. “You can’t be serious!”

Albus frowned slightly, “well I hope I’m not joking.”

Feeling nauseous, Usagi dropped her head between her knees, and counted to ten. Catching her breath, she lifted her head, and turned to the old man next to her. “I can’t teach a class, let alone run a school! You would have to be crazy to believe that I could. No offense, but seriously, my kindergarten sensei didn’t even think I would make it to junior high.”

The older man chuckled, as the carriage came to a stop. Nodding to the exit, Usagi climbed out, and he followed her. "Then call me crazy, Miss Usagi." The blonde gazed at him, standing where the carriage had dropped them off. He started off for the castle, which loomed over them ominously. Looking up, she sighed. Setsuna was cruising for a bruising. "I bet your getting a kick out of this."

From her bag, Artemis snickered, "only a little."

Wrinkling her nose, she snapped, "well iie cat nip for you kitty." Artemis snorted, "Spoiled sport."

She nodded her head indulgently, before moving to follow Albus inside. Moving with a group of adults, Usagi never felt more intimidated. Ducking her head, she moved around the determine women in emerald green robes. She looked crossed, her beady eyes burrowing down on the blonde. Swallowing, Usagi scurried ahead, bumping into a man in black robes, before she reached Albus' side.

Sighing, she following him up the stairs to the large oak doors. He pushed them open, and with the others, they entered the entrance hall.

Usagi stopped, and the teachers moved around her to get to the double doors, on the right wall. Looking around, she had the uncanny thought that she had done this before. Felt like this before, when she had entered this room. She felt frightened, felt anxious, and the feelings weren't foreign. At some point in her life, she had stood here, and felt these emotions before.

"Usagi?"

Blinking, she looked up to find herself standing in front of the oak doors, the group of adults standing across the room. She flushed, and hurried to stand at the headmaster's side. "Hai, gomen, I was distracted by the decorating of the room." Still red in the face from her lie, she entered another large room with the other teachers. This one held five tables; four of them followed the length of the room, while the last one stood at the ends of the four tables.

The table closest to her, made her pause. Instead of following the others around the two closest tables, she followed the length of the one that stood nearest to the entrance. At the far end, she stopped, and stared at the bench. She felt an odd sensation to sit down, there at the farthest end, on the edge of the seat.

Looking over at the table in front, she noted that all the teachers had taken their places, with only three empty seats remaining. The woman in the green robes she had seen earlier was missing. At the end closest to her, sat the young man in the black robes. At closer look, she wrinkled her nose. His black eyes were fixed with a glare, his thin lips formed into a snarl. His black hair looked greasy, and was shaggy around his face.

He looked towards her, and Usagi had to look away. Drinking in the air, she searched the table for Albus. He sat in the middle, with an empty chair on each side of him. He was looking at her, through the crescent moon glasses of his. "Miss Usagi, you sit with us now."

Her brows shot together, and she looked at the bench, she was halfway in. Sit with them now? So I sat here, in my last life.

Nodding, she moved from the bench, and rounded the teacher's table. She passed the hooked nose teacher, in the black robes. As she made her way down the length of the table, she could feel a pair of eyes on her back.

Looking at the three empty seats, she plopped down in the one on the Headmaster's left. Licking her lips, she eyed the golden plate in front of her. "So, when do we eat?"

He chuckled, his face crinkling into a smile, "Soon Miss Usagi." At his words, the doors to the room opened, and noise filled the silence. Kids her age, some older, most younger than herself, entered the hall. She fidgeted, feeling quite nervous to be where she was.

Usagi quickly realized, that most that walked in, looked at the table they sat in, and searched it. She squirmed under their quizzical looks.

Looking to Albus, she straightened in her seat. He looked calm as ever. If she was going to replace him, she would...

Her hands flew up to her face, smacking her cheeks. What am I thinking!?! Eyes wide as ever, she shook her head vigorously, causing those around her, to stare.

Smiling, Albus reached out, and touched her shoulder, "Don't worry Usagi, everything is going to be fine."

She froze, her face turning red with embarrassment. "Oh h-hai!"

Taking her gaze from the older man, she looked out at the tables. All four of them were nearly filled with students. The doors to the hall opened once more, and this time the woman with green robes guided a large group of kids into the room.

"They're about Chibi Usa's age."

Searching the crowd she half expected to see the pink haired spore she had come to love. When the single line reached their table, Usagi was greatly disappointed not to find her future daughter amongst the sea of heads. She leaned back in her seat, as the one woman set out a stool, with an old hat sitting on it.

Do you think you have what it takes to follow in their footsteps?

Usagi frowned, where had that come from? Staring at the hat, she was startled from her thoughts, when it moved. The next thing she knew, it began to sing. Snorting in disbelief, she leaned forward in her chair, her jaw hanging open. What on Earth?

Albus chuckled, "Now Usagi don't act as if you're surprised. Since you have heard it before." She whipped her head around to look at him. "I have?" She had sudden fleeting thought, of standing in the large room, feeling frightened and anxious all at once. "I don't remember." She lowered her eyes to the table, a frown fixed on her face.

Patting her on the back, he whispered, “don’t force it Usagi, your memories will come.” She nodded, and forced herself to concentrate on the hat. Its song ended, and the old woman stepped forward to call names.

Watching, Usagi noted, each kid called from the line, sat down on the stool, and set the hat on its head.  
Very well. SLYTHERIN!

Wrinkling her nose in distaste, when she heard her stomach growl, she glanced around to see if anyone had heard. She was absolutely starving. Just as the sorting ended, someone sat down in the seat next to her. Looking over, she had to look up to see the man’s face. Eyes widening in shock, she stared up at the giant next to her.

He looked down at her, and his face spread out into a grin. “Hullo, you must be Usagi. Pluto told me lot ‘bout yeh.”

“Really?” She plastered on a smile, while her stomach did flip-flops. She was jerked to attention, when Albus stood.

“Welcome to another year at Hogwarts. But before we begin our banquet, I have few things I must say. As all of you must have realized, I am not as young as I used to be.” He paused, his eyes searching the crowd, seeking certain heads. “So I have made a decision that it is time that I retire.”

There were a collective gasps, and frightened looks, that flew around the room. Usagi groaned, “I’m going to have enemies before school begins.” Her bottom lip trembled, “please don’t tell them, please don’t tell them.”

“I would also like to introduce to you, your new Defense Against the Dark Art professor, and the one who will be taking my place as Headmaster, Miss Usagi Tsukino.”

Her head jerked up, and heat roared through her veins. She could feel her cheeks on fire, and she had to swallow to fight off the sudden queasiness in her stomach. I’m not going to be sick, I’m not going to be sick.

Laughing nervously, she half waved, “h-hi.”

Grinning, Albus then added, “let the feast begin.”

Food appeared in front of her, and her sudden embarrassment washed away. Greedily, she began to fill her plate full of food, till she couldn't even see the gold any longer. Licking her lips, she set to work on devouring it, without a care, that half the school was watching her.

Shoveling each fork full into her mouth, she groaned with pleasure. “Oh this is yummy.” Bite after bite, she soon finished the plate, long before anyone else. Leaning back, she patted her stomach. “That was the best meal I've had in days.”

Looking around at the table, she realized all the teachers were staring at her, either something akin to disgust, or fascination on their faces. She went red from head to toe, “eh heh, eh heh heh, so what's for dessert.”

“Dear lord.”

Her face darkened, and she scratched the back of her head nervously, “they don't call me bottomless pit for nothing.”

Albus suddenly grinned, “Glad that you are yourself Usagi. I say this school needs your kind of spirit.” Grinning back at him, she beamed, “Glad to be of service, now about that dessert?”

w w w

After the feast the kids were sent to their rooms. Groaning, Usagi patted her stomach. She hadn't eaten so much in her life. Pushing back her chair she wondered with a frown where her room would be.

“Full?”

Grinning sheepishly she nodded, “hai, domo artigato.” She yawned, sleepiness kicking in.



"You must be tired. You had a long journey." Albus stood, and motioned for her to follow. "Your Quarters will be near mine."

Standing Usagi followed the older man out of the Great Hall, and up the marble staircase. From the first floor they took another set of stairs leading to the second floor. "I must forewarn you the staircases have a tendency not to lead to the same place in one week." She nodded as they reached the second floor. Following the corridor they stopped near a stone gargoyle in the wall. "This is my room, yours is down this way." They moved passed the gargoyle and continued down the hall. They reached a dead end with a window that over looked the Forbidden Forest and a small hut. "Err..."

Albus shook his head, and replied, "Chocolate Frogs." The window and wall opened like a pair of doors, and revealed a room beyond it. "Whoa."

"You will need to come up with your own password later on, considering this will be your room for the year."

Usagi entered the room, and turned around in circles to inspect it. On the wall to her right were a closet, and a fireplace, kitty corner to the wall farthest from her. A window over looked the forest and what she assumed was the hut she saw before. A bed lay in the corner, which was twice the size of the one she had at home.

Squealing with delight she ran across the room and leaped onto the bed. "Woot!" It was covered in soft pink pillows and with a matching blanket. The four-poster bed was made of dark wood, which matched the chest on the left wall. In the middle of the room was an oval shaped rug with a desk. "Oh wow." Jumping from the bed she ran to the desk made of the same kind of wood. She ran her fingers along the surface.

Watching her from the doorway, Albus stated, "Your things have all ready been put away." Usagi set her handbag down, and ran to the Headmaster. Throwing her arms around him, she hugged him tightly, "Domo artigato!"

Chuckling Albus replied, “don’t thank me yet. You still have classes tomorrow. You should get some rest.” He pulled away, closing the doors, as he spoke, “I will see you in the Great Hall tomorrow for breakfast.”

When the doors shut, Usagi squealed and sprinted back to the bed. She leaped onto the soft mattress and bounced up and down, “Ha ha!” With a sigh she fell, landing lightly on her back, “oh this is nice!”

Smiling as she yawned, she curled into a ball and instantly fell fast asleep.

w w w

“Usagi wake up!”

Groaning, the blonde lifted her head from the fluffy pillow. A white cat was glaring at her, from where he sat. “Get up, or you’re going to be late.”

She blinked at him sleepily, before rolling over, and closing her eyes once again. As she slipped back into sleep, she drawled, “Five more minutes Okaasan.”

“Luna! She won’t listen to me. You do it!”

The black feline snickered, “I told you so. Here, take some pointers.”

Artimis rolled his eyes, “she’s worst than Minako. I thought I had my hands full. But I’ve been trying to wake this girl up for the last twenty minutes!”

Luna stood over the blonde haired girl’s head, and held up her paw. Unsheathing her claws, she only had to swipe once.

“AHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!”

Usagi threw herself off the bed, and fell face first into the carpet. There was a momentary of silence, before a wail pierced the air, “LUUUUNNNNAAAAA!!!!!!”

The black cat crawled out from the blankets, and nodded defiantly. "Serves you right. You're going to be late for your first class."

Usagi suddenly sat up. "Late?" Silence filled the air once again, and gave off false vibes of serenity, before another wail erupted, "I'm going to be late!!!!!! Luna why didn't you wake me up!?!"

The black cat shook her head, not bothering to say anything as the blonde kicked things into overdrive.

Hopping around the room, she threw off her clothes, and putting on fresh robes. "Ugg, you two are horrible alarm clocks!" Running a brush through her hair, she efficiently fixed it into her familiar hairstyle. Racing to the door, she threw it open, only for it to slam shut behind her. As she barreled down the corridor, she tied the sash around her waist.

"Ugh I'm going to be late on my first day." Hurrying down the marble staircase, she came to a screeching halt in front of the Great Hall doors. Gulping in air greedily, she tried to gain composure, before she entered.

Shutting the door quietly behind her, she silently made her way through the crowded room. At least she wasn't too late to eat.

"Aw Miss Tsukino its great for you to finally join us." Professor Dumbledore was smiling at her, as she made her way to the table. "Gomen, I sort of slept in. What time is it?"

The older man supplied reassuringly, "Almost nine, classes start in ten minutes."

Groaning, she took a seat, and went to work on stuffing food into her mouth. "I presume you slept well?"

Usagi nodded, and swallowed a mouth full of food. "Hai I did. The bed is so comfy. Much better than I my bed at home, artigato. Wow this food is sugoi!"

Dumbledore chuckled, “well I’m glad things are going well for you, Usagi.” The blonde flashed him a smile, “you bet.” Pausing between mouthfuls, she suddenly asked, “Where is my first class anyway?”

Albus looked at her, “I will show you Usagi. After breakfast, I will give a quick tour of some of the school.” Usagi grinned, “Domo artigato Albus!” Whipping her mouth with her napkin, she turned to the Headmaster and threw her arms around him. Hugging him tightly, she gushed, “Artigato for such wonderful hospitality.”

The old man chuckled, “What fun, to see such a happy face. Come Usagi lets show you the school, on our way to your class room.”

Usagi nodded, and stood, “Ok.” Pushing in her chair, she waited for the headmaster to take the lead.

w w w

Rubbing her hands anxiously before her, she sighed. She was terrified. Shaking to the bone with fear. Eyeing the door, she contemplated on making a run for it. She could grab her broom, and fly home.

Usagi groaned. There was no escape. All Setsuna had to do was use your portal thingy, and whisk her off back to Hogwarts.

How could she go through with this? She wasn’t cut out to be a sensei. Let alone, one teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts. Who were they trying to kid?

The voices inside rose, and she shivered. She was going to have to keep them entertained? She couldn’t even entertain herself for more than ten minutes. How did they expect her to keep a group of teens occupied for like two hours?

Visibly swaying on her feet, she sucked in all the breath she could grasp, before reaching for the door. No better time than now.

"It's time to face the music. My life is never going to be normal, no matter how hard I wish." Usagi shoved the door open, and stepped inside. As soon as the door shut behind her, the voices broke off.

Okay all I have to do, is be Haruna. I can do that. I can play Miss Haruna. Usagi glanced at the students from the corner of her eyes. Half of them were taller than her!

Scratch that, iie I cant.

Moving to the front of the room, she turned to face the class. They seemed to be staring at her with watchful eyes. Albus had said something about them being Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. Whatever the hell that means.

Plastering a smile on her face, she tried to think of what all of her teachers had said on the first day of school. "Morning..." catching her bottom lip between her teeth, she added, "I hope all of you are having a better day than me." She got a few chuckles. It was a start.

Time to break the ice.

"Well, I'm going to be your Professor for the year." Turning from them, she moved to her desk. "I just want to get this out in the open, I've never done this before. So this year we can teach each other, How's that?"

She had stunned them into silence. Oh dear, this is not going to work...

It's bad enough they hate me, because they think I'm taking over Albus's job, now they're going to hate me even more, because I cant teach them anything useful.

Sighing, she glanced down at the surface of her desk. A black notebook lay open before her. The date was at the top. It was in readable handwriting, so Usagi skimmed the list.

Introduction? Roll call? Glancing up at the class, she flushed to find them still staring at her. Laughing nervously, she struggled for an

excuse, "Err. Gomen. Umm, I'm Usagi Tsukino, you can just call me Professor if you like. Tsukino is more like addressing my Otosan, so..."

When a hand rose among the sea of heads, she found herself somewhat relieved, but yet, more paranoid by the question she feared would be asked. "Y-yes?"

"Professor, just how old are you, if you don't mind me asking."

Opening her mouth to say something, she instantly shut it. She couldn't exactly lie to them about her age. For one, she didn't know how to lie and get away with it, and if she did, the truth would come out anyway, once she started teaching.

"Well, if you really want to know... I'm sixteen." Usagi's face went red, once the room filled with voices. That surely was a mistake to say.

Clearing her throat, she brought the attention of the class back to her. "Well now that you know a bit about me, its time I find out who you are." Picking up a list of names, she glanced at the class.

The paper read, 'Ravenclaw/Hufflepuff (7th),' at the top. Clearing her throat again, she tried the first name, "Abbot Hannah?"

Usagi frowned, her eyes staring at the name, as if she should recognize it. Forcing herself to glance up, she found no hand rose to the name. "She's not here." It was more of a statement than a question, which troubled Usagi. How could she know?

"Hannah disappeared two years ago. They think, You-Know-Who, got her." The boy near the front looked grave, and he seemed to glance over his shoulder as if he expected to find You-Know-Who.

Nodding, she went on, not even wanting to ask whom they were speaking of. "Bones Susan?"

A young girl raised her hand, so Usagi called out next, "Boot Terry." The one who had asked her, her age raised his hand.

By the end of roll call, Usagi found that she had only thirteen kids for her first class.

“Okay now that that’s out of the way...” she glanced at the notebook, she assumed Setsuna had left her. She frowned, what on Earth was-

Shaking her head, she skipped to the next line. “Oh here we go.” Grinning, she reached into the pocket of her robes, and pulled out a book. Flipping through the pages, she scanned for the right page, “Ah ha!”

Usagi glanced up at the class, only to find them staring at her oddly. Frowning, she wondered what she had done wrong. Her eyes traveled down to the book, and she instantly flushed. “Oh! You guys can’t stash things into sub space pockets?”

Terry Boots shook his head, the only one to get over his initial shock. His hand shot into the air. “Err hai?”

Flushing with excitement, the boy asked, “Could you teach us?” Usagi blanched, “teach you? Err well...” she glanced at the book with a frown. “How bout later in the year, when I think your ready to take on the challenge.”

Hopefully by then they’ll forget about it.

Plastering a smile on her face, she went on, “Okay today we are going to learn a few spells. We’ll see how far we can get.”

Glancing down at the book, she added. “Okay will everyone take out your wands please?”

Looking up, Usagi waited till all of them had taken out their weapons. “Expelliarmus.” Usagi’s eyes bulged, and she dove to the ground with a frightened scream. Thirteen wands had come flying at her. “Oy that was close-” the wands landed with a clatter on her desk.

Climbing to her feet, she dusted off her robes. “Well that was a basic defensive spell. Either you can use it to disarm your opponent, as I

just showed you. But if you were up against a real adversary the attack could have unexpected results.”

Without thought, she flicked her wrist, and the wands flew to their original owners.

Glancing back down at her black book, she nodded thoughtfully. “All right, now you are going to perform the exact spell on me. And I’m going to defend myself-.” She looked back down at the page, “Hai, protect myself, by using a defensive charm.”

Closing her eyes briefly, she did as the book had said, and then opened them. “Ready when you are.

The class followed her example, and as one, called out the spell, “Expelliarmus.”

Usagi felt the tug, but it wasn’t strong enough to break through her shield. “If you’re going to disarm me, you’ll have to be more forceful than that.”

“Expelliarmus!”

Usagi winced, feeling the spell attacking her senses. It was literally trying to wrench her from the ground, and send her across the room.

“Expelliarmus!”

“Protego!” The spell bounced off of her, hitting the students. Instantly, the wand flew from their hands.

“Okay, I guess we need to work on that.”

Seeing a hand raise, she called out, “Hai Padma?”

The girl glanced around her nervously. “How is it you can use magic without a wand?”



Usagi tilted her head slightly, "I, well..." she frowned, "I guess it would be because of my natural bloodline... I think. I donno, I've never needed a wand, so I guess I never thought about it."

"But enough about me." She shook her head, to the several hands that rose. "Matte, hold your questions. There are a lot of things we need to go over."

W W W

Her first lesson had ended on that note, and soon she found herself with another class to teach. Feeling a little bit more comfortable in front of a group, she tried to sound like she knew what she was doing.

Plastering a wide grin, she introduced herself to the 6th year Gryffindors and Ravenclaws. "Morning class. Welcome to DADA, or as you know it Defense Against the Dark Arts. I guess I'll be your Professor for the year. But I would appreciate if you just called me Professor. You add my last name, and I'll think you were looking for my Otosan."

Turning from them she made her way to her desk. Looking at the notes written neatly out for her, she thanked Setsuna, and yet cursed the woman.

First on task was to call roll. Remembering the last time she did that, she decided against it. The last thing she wanted to know was that another kid was gone. Never to be heard from again.

"So who can tell me a good defense attack?" She frowned, "err, let me rephrase that. Who knows of a good defense spell?"

Looking about the room, she spotted a hand that rose. "Uh yes-?" Unable to know the boy's name, she waited for him to answer her question. "Colin Creevey, Professor. The disarming spell is a defensive spell."

Usagi nodded, storing the small boy's name into her mind. She just hoped she remembered it when the time counted. "Hai that's right."

At the moment she was grateful for having read the book given to her. The spells she read about were becoming quite handy.

Pursing her lips together, she quickly counted the students. “Why don’t we pair up- into twos? If we are short I’ll partner up with one of you.”

Taping her chin, she watched as the students went to work at finding partners. It was utter chaos, and as she stood in the midst of them, she wondered why she was even there.

“I feel so sorry for Miss Haruna.” She suddenly felt a connection to her teacher back in Junior High. She now understood why her teacher always yelled.

“GAH! Will you be quiet, cant you see I’m trying to think!”

The student whirled around to look at her, shock masking their usual cheery faces. “There, that’s much better.” She nodded indignantly, before turning from the class.

w w w

How humiliating!

Cursing his luck, he stalked down the halls, with not a thought of where he was going. How dare she, insult him in front of everyone like that!

Anger rose like bubbling lava, wanting to spill, and burn everything it touched. He was nearly drowning in it. The old bat had no right to make a fool of him.

His fists clenched and released, only to tighten into a ball of fury again at his sides. He was storming down the halls, his robes billowing behind him. He had never felt so angry in his life.

He abruptly stopped, and his hand automatically reached for the doorknob. A frown creased his perfect eyebrow, and the sneer upon

his lips vanished into a straight line of deep thought. What had brought him here?

He wasn't one to research, or to read a book, so why the library? What good would it do, when he couldn't even talk normally in the damn room, and he felt like ranting and raving? He wanted to throw something, anything that would ease the tension building fiercely in his forehead.

Strangling Professor McGonagall would have been nice, but since nothing that great could ever happen, he would suffice with throwing a tantrum.

He stared at the door with a perplexed look flashing across his light colored eyes. While brooding within his blind fury, he had left his Transfiguration class, bypassed the stairs to his common, and had wound up in front of the Library door.

When had been the last time he had been inside? It didn't feel like it had been to long ago, when he had opened a book, sitting in one of the chairs. Sitting at a small table in the far back, where there was hardly a chance for anyone to see them.

He shook his head, what was he thinking? He needed to find a place right now, and stuff his face in a pillow. Or maybe find some first year to vent his anger upon. Even as he was making up his mind to leave, his hand was turning the doorknob. It moved silently, and he barely had to put any weight on the door for it to open.

Two years. It came to him like a slap on the face. In his fifth year, he remembered bits and pieces about having to come to the library. Why? He could have easily gotten answers from someone else. Much simpler than researching for them.

Sighing, he slipped into the room, and wondered what possessed him to do so. He looked around, studying the shelves upon shelves filled to the ceiling with books. Passing the front desk, he went about looking down each aisle. What he could have been searching for was beyond him.

That is until he saw her.

All it took, was for his eyes to breeze pass her, shelving her off as some student below him, and his anger depleted. His blue eyes shifted back to her, and a smile quirked his lips, wanting to form. It was an odd sight, which was all that he could think of the situation.

She was tiny, smaller than him by a good few inches. But her small body was wrapped tightly in pink robes that fit her nicely. Her blonde hair was the longest length he had ever seen. Pulled into an odd pair of balls on her head, with pigtail trailing to her knees. Her pouting lips were pursed together. One of her brilliant blue eyes was closed, the other narrowed in concentration.

She was standing in the 300 section of the library. On her tiptoes, her hand stretched out as far as it could reach, and she still couldn't graze the book she wanted.

He watched, still entranced by the odd behavior. When the girl paused, her arms crossing over her chest, he smirked. She was tapping her foot impatiently. "Haven't these people ever heard of ladders?"

Ladders? Why didn't the girl just use her wand and ask for the book?

He snorted, trying to contain his laughter, when the girl suddenly jumped. She was actually trying to hop high enough to grab the book from its shelf. It was a sight for sore eyes. It was quite entertaining, considering the girl was a witch, and yet she didn't use the magic given to her at birth for help.

Reaching into his robes, he could not take too much more of this. Flicking his wrist, he muttered, "Accio book." The very book the girl had been trying to get for the past ten minutes flew to his hands. At seeing the book fly from the high shelf, she slowly turned to him.

Smirking, he held it out to her, "Looking for this?" The girl flushed, "H-hai. Domo artigato. I guess I forgot about using magic." Scratching the back of her neck, she laughed nervously.

Handing over the book, he stated smoothly, "Well maybe you should think before you act."

The smile on her face faded, and her delicate brows drew together. Wincing slightly, he wondered if he had a death wish. The girl was positively mad at him now. And all he had wanted to do was tease her.

Even for her short size, she sort of intimidated him. Stepping up onto her tiptoes, she rose an inch, and poked him hard in the chest. "For your information buddy- will you stop laughing at me!"

He couldn't help himself. Everything about her was funny. The amusement couldn't leave his eyes, even though he should have been angry with her for touching him.

Stepping back, he turned away from her seething form. "See you tomorrow Professor Tsukino. Good luck on your spells."

He stalked from the library, his spirit lifted by meeting his new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Even though he would have liked to see Snape get the job, he was quite happy with the new girl.

Something about her.

Shaking his head, Draco Malfoy went off in search of his next class, no longer needing to vent out his rage.

w w w

"Good morning Usagi, how have you been faring these past few days?"

Looking up from her book, the blonde haired girl was slightly startled to find the old headmaster standing in the doorway to her classroom. After learning how to bring food to the room, without having to go down to the Great Hall, she had preferred to eat alone, with not an audience. "Hey Albus." Rolling onto her back, she sat up on the table she had been sprawled out on a moment ago. Hopping off, she dusted off her robes with a grin on her face. "Pretty good. I think I'm

getting the hang of things.” She hoped her half lie would suffice for now. So she had no clue what she was doing, but at least she was teaching the kids something. Whatever it was, she wasn’t all quite sure, but it was working.

“Good, glad to hear. It appears you have Slytherin and Gryffindor next hour?” He seemed slightly amused at the thought of it.

Not sure what he was trying to get at, she nodded, “Hai. 7th years. I’m kind of nervous. Well, since they are my age.” She tapped her chin, thinking, “got any advice?”

The older man chuckled, while he shook his head. “It has been years since I have taught a class Usagi. I would not know where to begin.” He stepped further into the room, his eyes assessing the mess. “I do have word from Mr. Filch.”

Usagi frowned, “Who?” She was quite familiar with most of the staff. She had had the pleasure of meeting the crude Professor McGonagall, and the kind Hagrid, who was the gatekeeper, and a teacher.

“Oh yes, I’m sure you have not met him yet. Argus Filch is the caretaker here at Hogwarts. It appears that some of the 6th years are using a disarming spell on him in the hallways.”

Usagi’s hand flew to her mouth, trying to fight back a giggle. Why did she want to laugh? The poor guy was being attacked, because of what she was teaching to the kids. But the thought of the gangly old man being hit with the disarming spell was a sight she wanted to see first hand.

Albus shook his head, “it is quite all right. But if you were to witness such an act, it is best to keep it to oneself.” He winked, as if sending her a secret message.

Usagi giggled, “You got it!” Nodding, the older man stated, “I best take my leave. I hope to see you in the Great Hall for dinner?”

She shrugged, “maybe.” As he left, she turned to look at the book she had been staring at for the passed ten minutes. If she were capable of getting up early, she might have had a chance at reading it.

Hearing the familiar sounds of student coming down the hallway, she snapped the book shut. Carrying it with her to her desk, she dropped it onto the chair to hide it from sight. She didn’t need to have her class thinking she didn’t know her spells.

As the door opened, Usagi wondered if maybe if it wasn’t too late for her to back out of this deal. As if she had had a choice in the first place! Forcing a smile on her face, she turned to address her next class.

What a mistake!

Holding her breath, she watched as kids her age found their seats. One side was green and silver, the other gold and red. How odd, and yet so familiar.

Clearing her throat, she caught some of the student’s attention. Seeing that the rest plainly ignored her, she frowned. Glancing, about her, she took notice of her uncluttered desk. Climbing onto it, with only a little bit of difficulty, she stood to her full 4’11 height.

“OKAY!” Her voice amplified over the roar of vocals around her. Catching their attention, they all looked up to see her. “Good, now that I got your attention, I would like to begin with a small introduction.”

Hearing a few groans, she couldn’t help but giggle. “I know, I know. I’ve heard all of this in my other classes. I’m getting better, I think.”

The smile didn’t leave her face, as her eyes swept over the room. This was by far her largest class. At least twenty students or so. “Well then, I’m your DADA Professor. Call me Professor, for I’d rather you not add my last name. Most can’t even say it.” Her grin broadened, when she caught a few trying to say her name beneath their breath. “I’m sort of knew, so bare with me. This is my first year

of teaching, but shhh, don't tell the other teachers. They don't have to know."

Catching a few smiles from her peers, she nodded. "Good to see a few of you are awake. Now, enough about me." She then jumped down from her desk, landing a little off balance, but able to catch herself, she straightened.

"So, what do you guys want to do for your first day? I'm assuming you're more advanced than my other classes." Seeing a hand raise over the sea of heads, she pointed, "Hai?"

"Are you by chance related to Usagi Tsukino from the Slytherin house?"

Usagi frowned, not sure if she was understanding him correctly. "Huh?" She called to the other hand that rose, this one closer to the front.

"Usagi Tsukino and her brother were in our Fifth year. She was one of the girl's that went missing. The last one I think."

Usagi shivered, and the sudden urge to sneeze almost took over her. Rubbing her head, she tried to focus. Another girl named Usagi Tsukino. It had to have been her, like Setsuna had said. "Um iie, I don't think I am."

Clearing her throat to cover her lie, she struggled to keep a straight face. "Since the sun is still out, how many votes do I have to spend the rest of our two hours out there?" She watched as every hand went up. "Good, because we were gonna go, whether you wanted to or not."

Grabbing her book, she all but bolted for the door. Calling out over her shoulder, as she wrenched the door open, "last one out is a rotten egg!"

w w w



Usagi threw open the front doors, and stumbled down the stairs. Yelping in surprise, her foot met air, and she fell like a pile of log onto the open grass. Gasping and giggling, she watched as everyone spilled out of the school behind her. “HA! Beat ya!” Throwing her limbs back, she laid sprawled on the lawn, with a goofy look on her face. The kids, mostly older than herself, and for sure taller than herself, circled around her. “Okay, okay, I see that all of you are anxious to learn.”

Grunting, as she heaved herself up, she stood to her full height, even though she might as well have been sitting. “Now that we are outside, pick your partner, the one you want to work with for the remainder of the year.” Reaching into her pocket, she produced a clipboard and quill. “I’ll take your names, and give you a number in return. Pick someone you can get along with, but can also use a spell against.”

From where she stood, she watched as the group partnered off. “I want you in pairs, not in groups.” The ones that had parted in threes, then parted again, seeking partners.

Moving to the closes two, and asked, “Okay your names.”

“Lavender Brown. And my partner is Parvati Patil.” The girl was quite lovely, both seemed to be close friends, and Usagi nodded solemnly. She missed her friends more and more everyday. “Your group one.” Moving from them, she made her way to the next pair. I wonder if they miss me. Could they have not noticed yet that she was gone? Or was Setsuna making up stories for her absence.

Most likely Rei was fuming for, her odango atama not showing up for their weekly meetings. Her lips twitching into a smile, she asked, “Names.”

Looking up, she was startled to find herself looking into a pair of vivid green eyes. Dragging in a strangled gasp, she felt an odd sense of Déjà vu. Flushing, she backed up, and dragged her eyes away from the green eyed boy, with unkempt black hair.

The boy looked at his partner, before he answered, “My partner is Dean Thomas.” Usagi’s quill moved on its own accord, writing the

name with perfect handwriting. He then added, his eyes watching the quill thoughtfully, "and I'm Harry Potter."

Usagi swallowed the forming lump in her throat. "Okay, you're group two." Turning, she all but ran from the boy, who had a frighteningly familiar scar on his forehead. She had seen it, as if she had known it was there before she had looked.

Next on her list, group three was a girl and boy, Hermione and Ron. They didn't appear to be the best pair, considering when she had approached them, they were arguing. At least they won't mind using a few spells on one another.

Usagi made her way down the list check marking off names on her attendance sheet, and writing down their names. She came to realize not one Gryffindor paired with a Slytherin, which made her frown.

Her last group was an odd pair. Considering there were three of them standing together. Glancing at her list she noted that one of her students was missing. Pansy Parkinson, and Usagi had a faint feeling that she knew why the girl wasn't there with them.

Reaching the three boys, she tried her hardest to look intimidating. It wasn't easy, with the two overbearing brutes where twice her size in length, and in width. "Gomen guys, but you're going to have to split up. Only two to a group. One of you can be my partner, since we only have nineteen students."

After a brief pause, she added, "Take your pick, and then give me your names."

"Why don't you two work together, I'll pair up with her. Since neither of you could possibly keep up." The voice was slightly drawled, and faintly familiar to her ears. She shivered, wondering what about the eerie voice sent chills dancing along her spine, and yet warmed her from head to toe. "Well if that's what you want-"

Looking up, for the second time that day, she felt a sense of Déjà vu. But this time it was a lot stronger. She instantly recognized him, with

his mocking expression, and startling cool blue eyes. His silvery white hair was slicked back from his charming face, and as if he sensed her drinking in his image, his lips quirked into an all too familiar smirk.

“Oh.” It was all she could think of saying. He had been the boy who had insulted her in the library yesterday before her next class. Running her hands uncomfortably down her robes, she struggled to gain control of her voice. “Your names.”

“This is Gregory Goyle, and Vincent Crabbe. I am Draco Malfoy.” The name was like a blow to her brain. Looking up sharply at him, a frown creased her brow. Malfoy? How could his name seem so familiar, when she had only met him twice?

Shaking herself from her thoughts, she replied, “Okay, you’re group nine, and we are group ten.”

Forcing herself to turn away from the boys, she looked to the rest of the class. “Now that the hard part is over with, we can begin with the fun.” Grinning as she spoke, she hurried on, “Take out your wands, and face your partner. Its time for our year to begin.” She gazed about her, watching them as they followed her instructions. At least they weren’t like her class back in Juuban. They would have never listened to someone shorter or younger than them. They would have rebelled. Refusing to be ordered around by some amateur.

“I believe any spell you use can be used to defend yourself. From my notes, I found that you guys learned about the unforgivable curses, about Dark Creatures, and other interesting stuff. Well this year, we are going to learn every spell we can cram into whole year.

“We wont continue to the next spell until I am sure everyone is up caught up with the class. I’m sure some of you will recognize most of the spells we will use, which will give you an edge over the class.”

Usagi looked pointedly at the bushy brown haired girl, as if she knew for sure the girl was already far ahead of them on this subject.

Turning, she circled her partner, so that she face him, and gave the class a chance to see both of them. "Well Mr. Malfoy, you seemed to know our first spell, if I remember correctly." Her grin broadened, with delight dancing in her eyes. Glancing to the class, she added, "we'll give you a demonstration first, and then you can give it a go. The first spell will be the summoning charm. We will be using this spell for more complicated matters than you would in your charms class."

Seeing that she had the whole classes attention, she added, "You will be using it to defend yourself. With this spell you can summon anything you ask for. Which could be of something large to block yourself with."

Directing her eyes to the boy before her, she hoped she wouldn't slip up in front of the class. Reaching into her robes, she pulled out a book, and let it drop to the ground between them. "Whoever can get the book first, gets the point. At the end of the semester I'll tally up your points. The more you get, the higher extra credit you get on your semester exams."

Nodding her head to her partner, she stated, "on my mark, one, two-three!" Using her finger, she flicked her wrist, and muttered, "Accio."

The book flew to the boy's hand, and Usagi cursed her luck. "Bachiatar!" Pouting, she crossed her arms over her chest. The boy's smirk grew, as he held out the book to her. "A little slow perhaps?" His tone of voice was taunting her, trying to get a rise out of her.

Usagi glared back at him, "Accio." The book was wrenched from his hands, and flew into hers. Turning from him, she faced her class. "We wont have enough time for today, for all of you to give the spell a try. But for our next class, we will meet out here. You're dismissed."

Just then the bell rang, and the class dispersed, heading for their next hour. Usagi stuffed her book into her pocket, along with her clipboard and quill. Looking about her, she wondered if she was forgetting something. "Lose something?"

Startled by the voice, she turned to find the black haired boy from before. With the distance between them, his green eyes weren't as intimidating. But the scar on his forehead was burning itself into her mind.

Struggling for composure, she replied, "I- I'm not sure." She looked at the grass around her, not finding anything that could belong to her. "I guess not."

"How do you like Hogwarts so far?" Was it just her imagination, or had he moved closer? Pivoting around him, so that she had a free escape for the doors, she answered, "Good. Everyone seems really nice so far."

The boy nodded, as he replied teasingly, "then you haven't met Snape." Usagi frowned, turning the name over in her mind. Snape? The name was uncannily familiar. "I, I don't think I have, why is he bad?" She was whispering, with a mischievous glint in her eyes. It was nice to get the scoop on anyone, before she ran into them. The dark haired boy chuckled, his face lighting up, "From most of the house's perspectives yes he is. He's the head of the Slytherin house."

Usagi pulled back, as recognition dawned on her. "That man, that always sneers?" Paling, she glanced around to see if anyone heard her gasp. The man had on several occasions glared at her in the Great Hall, or in the corridors.

The boy moved towards her, a smile playing on his face. "Don't take it personally, I never do. He just doesn't like anyone that's not from Slytherin."

Before she could comprehend what had popped into her mind by his words, they had already escaped her mouth, "I'm a Slytherin."

Harry, it was instantly in her mind, as if a flood gate to her memories had opened. She recognized him, knew who he was. But as quickly as the memories came, they left, leaving her feeling raw.

“You’re a Slytherin?” He sounded genuinely startled, and yet something in his voice told her that he wasn’t completely shocked by the news. Was she a Slytherin? She couldn’t remember. Hadn’t she tried to sit at the table, where that house sat during meals? “Err, I think so.” She scratched the back of her head thoughtfully.

It was then the bell sounded, and the silence upon them lasted for a mere second. “Oh iie, I’m going to be late!!!”

Panicking, she scooped her things into her arms, hugging them to her chest, before racing off to meet her next class. “Oh iie, I can’t be late, I’m the SENSEI!!!!”

Well here you have it, the next chapter. I told you they would get longer. And this one is a lot longer, with a lot more comedy. I do hope that you will enjoy this chapter as much as you enjoyed the last three.

I am terribly sorry for not updating sooner, but my laptop kind of broke, (not crashed, but literally broke). It was quite heartbreaking, but I was finally able to download my files to another comp, the hard way. And also, when I was able to do that, I released I still had to write the chapter. So here it is, in all of its glory, the First week of Usagi’s new life. Can’t you smell the romance in the air??? Hehe I can, and it’s only going to get stronger.

Now I just have one question for you, do you think Usagi will leave her prince charming, for another man, err boy? (I can’t see Draco any older than in the second movie). Will for once, Mamoru not be the one to leave Usagi, but Usagi leave Mamoru? Those are some good questions, are they not? Which will make the story all the more original correct. Hehe

Well enjoy, and I plan to get the next chapter out sooner than this one came out.

TTY in the next chapter.

LP

Chapter five:  
Honey and Feathers

Munching on a slice of pizza, she studied the book in front of her. Having skipped the trip to the Great Hall for the umpteenth time, she decided to stow away in her classroom once more.

How could she enjoy her time eating, when half the student body was watching her inhale her food? It was just too weird.

Taking another rather large bite of her pizza, she flipped the page of her book, with her other hand. One of her afternoon joys, lying sprawled out on one of the many tables, with a good manga to read.

Sighing dreamily, she snapped the book shut. It was time like these, when she missed them most. Rolling over onto her back, she pouted miserably.

I wonder if they miss me?

Raising her arms up over her head, she stared at them. She laid sprawled on a high wooden table, her knees bent, so that her legs dangled off the side. Tilting her head, she sighed lonely. She really did miss them.

Sure they always said, that they needed her, and that she held them together. But it didn't mean that she didn't need them. She needed them more than they needed her, really. Without them, she was a sniveling klutz, who failed at everything she tried.

Minako, with her sunny bright smile, and flippant attitude, always knew how to make Usagi feel special.

Makoto, who knew how to act tough, when things got down, always made Usagi feel strong. Stronger than she actually was.

Ami, she was a genius, but she was always kind. She knew how to make Usagi feel good, because she never gave up on her.  
Oh Ami...

Tears rushed to her eyes, when she thought of her blue haired friend. But they didn't fall until she thought about her dark haired friend. Sure they fought; sure they couldn't get alone, longer than a minute.

But it only made the bond between them stronger.

Rei knew how to make her feel brave, and worthy to protect their world. Surely Rei was made as hell at her. Especially since she had missed four meetings, and plus took half of her mangas. Smiling through her tears, she thought about the outers.

Her friends always made her feel cherished, loved, and protected. And in return, she tried her hardest to make them feel the same.

Dropping her hands she let them rest against her middle. She stared up at the ceiling, with a longing look on her face. If only she could see them, just to see how they were holding up, without her. Hmm where did I put...

Searching the table with her left hand blindly, she accidentally pushed something over the edge. Cursing, she rolled over onto her side, and looked.  
Damn

Usagi stretched, trying to reach the fallen box of pizza. Even though half of it laid on the ground upside down, she wasn't about to waste it. It had taken nearly an hour to order the kind of pizza she wanted. The owl had taken its sweet time delivering. But most of all, it had cost her most of her pouch money.

"Having trouble?"

Yelping, Usagi fell off the edge of the table, landing with a plop on her pizza. With her left eye twitching, she pushed herself up to her feet. The laughter behind her did nothing to help dampen her raging anger. Glancing down at what was left of her meal, she gritted her teeth. She whirled around yelling, "why you little-"

The boy standing in her classroom only smirked, and crossed his arms over his chest. "Little?" He shook his head, the mocking smile



on his charming face, was enough to have her ready to through the table at him.

He stalked towards her, his robes billowing about his tall form. Standing before her. She had to look up at him. "Like I said, little?"

Glaring at him, she snapped, "You mister," she stabbed him with her finger, after she rose to the tip of her toes. "Have no right-

She wasn't able to finish, since he pulled away, and she lost her balance. Grabbing at the table, Usagi steadied herself. "I want you out! I don't have you in class until tomorrow. Don't you come back till then!" Jerking her finger in the direction of the door, she lifted her chin as if she could intimidate him enough to make him leave.

The boy chuckled, shaking his head once again. "But I'm here for my private lessons." He started around the room, his eyes assessing the mess she had made just a moment ago.

Balking, Usagi spluttered, "w-what?" Hurrying after him, she moved so that she blocked his way to her desk. He smirked, looking down at her. "You heard me. I'm going to need private lessons, if I'm going to be your partner in class, correct?"

Usagi started to shake her head, "lie, I refu-" when he shook his head, her eyes narrowed, "Why are you shaking your head? I'm the professor not you!"

He chuckled, and this time, he bent low so that his face was inches from hers, "but if a student requests a Professors help, they are obligated to spend more time, to teach that student. Outside of class included."

Opening her mouth, to reject, she instantly closed it. He was right. Damn him!

She narrowed her eyes on him, and she gritted out, "fine." Whirling from him, she stalked to her desk. The boy was too damn clever, and too damn hot for his own good.

Dropping into her chair behind her desk, she eyed the boy with resentment. And he was too familiar to her that it frightened her to stay too close to him for too long.

What am I getting myself into?

Standing from the bench she had been sitting at, she crossed the room to the open window. It was another lovely day in mid September, but she hardly noticed. Peering out, she looked down below, to see a yellow sports car come to a screeching halt.

Smiling slightly to herself, she watched as three people clamber out, and race to the front door. Somewhere in the distance of the empty house, she heard a door swing open. "Setsuna!"

She waited, listening to the thunder of footsteps coming up the staircase. She turned, when the door to the room flew open. "Where is Usagi, Setsuna?"

The woman standing the doorway was heaving, her chest rising and falling, most likely from her race through the mansion, and up the stairs to the music room. Moving away from the window, she replied carefully, "I'm not sure what you are getting at?"

She smiled sweetly, as two more entered the room, after the tall blonde had stormed in. "Don't give me that crap Setsuna. Usagi hasn't come to a single meeting for weeks now."

Haruka was highly upset. It showed on her face, where lines had creased her brow, and her face was turning red. Michiru, who stood behind the taller woman, wrapped her arms around her. "Now Haruka. You know you will get nowhere talking to Setsuna like that."

Her lips twitched wanting to form a smile, when stormy sea colored eyes turned on her. "Setsuna." Her voice was usually calm, her nature more soothing than fiery. Right now the voice sounded like the calm before a storm. Heat was held back, as she could see in Michiru's eyes.

"The girls are worried. Usagi's Okaasan said she had not seen Usagi for weeks now. She had been told she was staying with us."

Her teal eyes moved to the woman she held tightly to her. "Haruka and I have not called Usagi's mother. And Hotaru is still too young to use the phone."

Setsuna wanted to grin, but she held back the notion. When Michiru looked back at her, Setsuna had to clear her throat to hide her expression. "Usagi's missing? When did this happen?"

Amusement dripped from her voice, and she knew she was caught. What had happened to all those years of acting?

"So you do not know where Usagi might be?" There was doubt in Haruka's voice. She pulled away from her lover's arms, and stalked towards the older woman. "Setsuna?"

She rolled her shoulders in a soothing manner. Turning her sharp garnet eyes upon the blonde woman, she replied nonchalantly, "Maybe I do." She looked away to stare at Michiru, "or maybe I don't."

"Setsuna mama! This is not a game. Where is Usagi hime?"

Looking down, she caught sight of the youthful Hotaru. She was still just a child. Weeks ago, she had just been a baby, but she was growing steadily. Her body needing to be of age, in order to handle the great powers of Saturn.

Sighing, she discarded her little game, and stated, "hai I know where she is. I sent her on a mission, considering there isn't any danger here."

Frowning, Haruka asked, "what kind of mission?"

Setsuna turned from them, as she replied, "she's cleaning up a mistake I made. I gave her the option, and she chose it. Don't worry she's in no harms way."

"I want to see her. With my own eyes." Haruka stiffened, when the taller woman whirled to her. "I told you, she is doing fine. I'm keeping watch at all times."

Crossing her arms over her chest, Haruka asked, "oh yea, then what is she doing right now?" The oldest shook her head, before she answered, "She's on her way to the music room, as we speak. She hears music, and wants to see who is playing."

A tug on her dress caused her to look down, "can we see her Setsuna mama. I want to see Usagi chan. I miss her."

Setsuna crouched down, so that she could be eye level with the youngest senshi. "Haruka, why don't you play us a song? On the piano."

The younger woman replied, "Setsuna don't-" She was cut off, by a stern look, from the older woman. "Fine!"

She moved to the black piano and dropped down onto the bench Setsuna had been sitting at a moment ago. Sliding her fingers across the keys, she listened to the notes. Sighing carefully, so that her body relaxed, before she began to play.

"Yes, this is the song." She stood, stepping back from Hotaru. As she moved away, things began to blur. Smirking, she crossed her arms over her chest, and she whispered beneath her breath, "You have, one month."

So she would have to spend extra time with him...

She could do that, what could it hurt, maybe once she got to know him...he might be...

Usagi shook her head, stopping in the empty hallway. What was she thinking? There was no way Draco could change. The guy was just too- too. In frustration, she stomped her foot, "Argh what is the word!"

Hearing a sound, she looked up to find a group of first years from her class earlier that morning. She went red in the face with embarrassment. Scratching the back of her head nervously, she laughed, "Eheh heh, hi."

The girls moved around her, before scurrying off to the Great Hall. Usagi sighed, "Bet they think I'm loony." Maybe I am, I keep talking to myself. Shaking her head, she continued her trek down the hall. Wait wasn't I supposed to take left, or a right back there? She looked around, "oh iie, I'm lost!"

She whirled around, searching her surroundings. "Okay keep calm, if I just walk back this way, I should get back on the right direction to my room." Inhaling deeply, before letting it out, she started her way back down the hall. Coming to a crossing, she looked down one way to the other. They both looked the same, so which one had she come from?

Shrugging her shoulders, she began, "Inka binka bottle of ink, quark fell out, and you stink." She stopped at the hallway in front of her. "Oh well that's a no brainier." Starting again, she repeated the words, and got rid of the hallway to her right. "Well I guess it's this way."

Usagi followed the hallway. Passing coats of armor she frowned when she walked by a painting. She stopped to look at it. "Now I know I haven't seen that one before." Looking back down the hallway, she frowned. Where is that damn gargoyle? She had never before gotten lost, so how come she had now? Leaning against the wall, so that she could stare at the painting, she quickly blamed, "this is all that boy's fault." Nodding in agreement, she added, "If he hadn't made me so angry..."

Looking down the hallway, she finished, "I wouldn't have gotten lost." "And would you rather I called you Odango?" Usagi frowned, where had that come from? Rubbing at her forehead, she concentrated on the voice she had heard in her head.

"Not if she wants to be a Slytherin. If she wants to fit in so badly, then she better start acting like a Slytherin."

Draco? That was Draco's voice. She knew it. Frowning, she struggled to grasp more, but the memory slipped through her fingers. She sighed, looking dejectedly, at the painting. Setsuna had said she had been here before. And those kids, they even mentioned a Usagi

Tsukino, from the Slytherin house. She was one of the last students to have gone missing.

Usagi shivered, running her hands up and down her arms. Did it suddenly get cold? Glancing down the hallway, she frowned, was that laughter?

Pushing away from the wall, she started down the hall once more. She listened carefully, trying to catch any sound. She could have sworn she heard laughter. Following the corner, she jerked to a stop, at the sticking sound of a piano. From the door to her right, she could hear the sad notes of a lonely song.

She relaxed instantly, the sound familiar to her somehow. Usagi stopped in front of the door, her hand reaching out to turn the knob. A slight breeze came from the crack as she pushed the door open. Stepping into the room, the world suddenly tilted. Stumbling, she looked up, as a blast of energy slammed into her.

Before the door to the room slammed shut, she let out a startled scream.

Usagi looked at the Great Hall doors nervously. You can do it. If everyone laughs, you can always dig a hole in the ground and hide till it all dies down. This is so embarrassing! She shook her head in dismay. I can't do this.

How many times does someone manage to get honeyed and feathered in their lifetime? Somehow she had managed to do it three times within five minutes. Was that normal?

She groaned, as she reached for the door, and pulled it open. She would never live this one down. How would she even go on with her life? Slipping into the Great Hall, she let the door shut behind her. It wasn't until she passed the Slytherin table did the room fall silent. When she passed the second table, she was greeted with feverish whispers, and chuckles. She could figure what she looked like. A chicken popped into her mind, in more ways than one. She was like a beacon among the sea of bodies. Usually, it was because of her

smile, and sunny attitude. Not today. She never felt unhappier than she did now. Quietly she made her way to the teacher's table.

"Usagi, how did this happen?" She could hear a small ounce of concern in Albus' voice, along with the amusement that dripped from his words. Frowning, she glanced up at him. This is completely embarrassing!

How did she explain to someone, that she had managed three klutz attacks, as Rei like to call them, all in five minutes? She wasn't even sure if she had been attacked or not, now. At first she had believed someone was playing a nasty prank on her. But maybe she had klutzed out, and had taken out a few things causing a mess.

She looked at him helplessly, holding up her hands as she replied, "I'm not exactly sure what happened, but I do know, the music room will never be the same again."

"The music room? What were you doing in the music room?" The sneer came from the end of the table. Looking to the man in the black robes, she shivered. "Well, I heard the piano, and I wanted to see who was playing." Looking back to the gray haired man, she pouted, "And the next thing I knew." She held up her arms to show what happened when curiosity got the better of someone.

Professor McGonagal looked to the older man, "Albus we better see what happened." He nodded, "Quite right Minerva. Why don't you, and Severus come with us."

The man at the end of the table stood, along with the witch in emerald green robes. Albus came to his feet, and followed the other two teachers around the table. "See what happened? I- well I really don't think you guys should go see it. Why don't I go first, and clean it up a bit." Hurrying after them, she pleaded, "Please! I think it would be the best way to go."

I am so going to be fired for this.

They entered the entrance hall, and Minerva stated bluntly, "well at least we wont need directions. We can just follow the trail." She pointed to the smear of honey on the floor, and walls.

Usagi frowned, what did the old woman expect? Did she think I could just float my way down here?

Following the teachers up the marble staircase, she kept silent. "Forget to take your shower this morning Professor." Jerking back, Usagi's head whipped around, "You!"

"Can it Malfoy, can't you see she was attacked." Harry moved to take his place at her side. Draco rolled his eyes, "Yes, well I can see you have gotten yourself into trouble once more."

Usagi wrinkled her nose at him, "I don't have to listen to you if I don't want to." The silver haired boy smirked, "then why are you standing around here, for."

Momentarily she gaped at his remark, before she threw up her arms in frustration, and marched away from him. She caught up with the other teachers, who stood in front of the music room door. It was shut, even though she didn't remember closing the door. "Maybe I should go in, you know, to see if everything is okay..." What the hell am I saying???

Draco scoffed, "Want us to cover you?" Glaring at him, she replied, "baka." She made her way to the front of the group. Staring at the door, she fought back her fear. I am not going to klutz out, I am not going to klutz out.

Faintly, she could hear the sound of the piano playing. "See I told you I heard the piano." Minerva nodded, "we never said you didn't. But it appears we have caught your culprit." Usagi looked back at the door. Why did the song sound familiar? It was like it was beckoning her to enter, to open the door, and go inside.

Maybe that's how I got into this mess in the first place.

Inhaling sharply, she reached out for the doorknob. It was unlocked, so she pushed the door open.



The group standing out in the hall stared into the room, without saying a word. "Um, are there two music rooms, by any chance?" The room was spotless. There wasn't a single feather, not a drop of honey. The statue Usagi had slipped into earlier was standing, unlike how she had left it moments ago.

The instruments were arranged neatly, unlike how Usagi had seen them last, after she had gotten threw with being in the room. It couldn't have been her imagination. She was walking proof, that somewhere there was a total mess, because she had done something. Either by walking into a prank, or klutzing out.

Stepping into the room, the sound of the piano was became louder, each note more pronounce. She turned to it, to find a figure sitting upon its bench. The melody was very calming, but it sounded lonesome. As if it lacked something or someone.

Upon entering the room, Minerva cleared her throat. The young man at the piano stopped playing, at the new sound. As if feeling them behind him, he slowly turned in his seat to look at them.

Usagi stared for the briefest of seconds, before bursting into action. Running forward, she shouted, "Haruka!!!"

Catching sight of the person who had called out her name, she questioned, "Usagi?"

Michiru stomped her foot in indignation, "What happened?!?!" She turned her burning sea colored eyes upon the other person in the room.

Setsuna smirked, her eyes slightly cross-eyed from staring at the feather on the end of her nose. Blowing, she watched it flutter through the air, before coming to a rest on the floor at her feet.

"I presume I interrupted an event, when I sent Haruka and Hotaru to Usagi. The event vanished from that world, and had to go somewhere." She shrugged, her eyes moving over the horrible mess.

Michiru glared, "I refuse to have to clean this up!"

Setsuna shook her head in amusement. If there was one thing for sure, the music room will never be the same again.

Okay peeps here it is the next chapter for this story. I hope you like it, and I am sorry it took me a while to write it. I had no idea what I wanted to write, so I had to start from there. But its out, and its got a little seriousness, and a little comedy. Well there will only be more to come, if I shut up right now, and get to writing it. TAKE CARE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Tty all later!

LP

## Chapter six:

### Just In the Neighborhood.

Haruka stared down in disbelief of what was left of her princess. “Koneko, what the hell happened to you?” The corner of her mouth twitched, wanting to form a smile. Her future queen looked utterly ridiculous.

Usagi pouted, “Someone played a nasty prank on me.” Chuckling, the taller woman shook her head; “I’d say this was a new look for you.” Haruka pulled back, holding the smaller girl by the shoulders. “Hai, the honey looks good. I’m starting to get some ideas, hime.”

Noting the mischievous glint in the older woman’s eyes, Usagi backed away, “Well they better stay as thoughts. You can have fun with Michiru later.” Haruka nodded in agreement, “Most defiantly.”

She rolled her eyes, and turned from her friend, “Haruka... what would Michiru say?”

Haruka replied with a sexy growl, which made Usagi yelp in shock. “Oh she would not!” The smaller blonde looked down at herself, and groaned, “I’m a mess. Tell me no one else came. Please.”

“Usagi-mama!!”

Usagi was startled by the new voice in the room. She looked back to the piano to find a dark haired girl standing there. She was still a child, and yet she wasn’t. She was no older than ten, with thick black hair falling to her shoulders. Her dark violet eyes were filled with a childish glee. Something Usagi had never seen before.

Just seeing her, standing there, with a smile on her face, made the older girl want to cry. “Hoto-chan.” The younger girl ran forward, knocking her smaller frame into Usagi. The two hit the ground, and rolled.

Usagi burst into laughter, "Hotaru you came too? How'd you guys get here?" She hugged the younger girl tightly, afraid that if she let go, Hotaru and Haruka would vanish.

Haruka frowned as she finally noticed the other people standing in the room. Standing apart from the four huddled together, was a white haired boy around Usagi's age. She instantly glared at the boy, daring him to even look, at her princess in the wrong way.

"Setsuna let us come. We wanted to see how you were doing out here alone." Usagi climbed to her feet, "so the other's aren't coming." She pouted towards the older woman. Haruka sheepishly smiled, "Gomen koneko. They miss you though. You gave us all quite a fright disappearing like that."

Hotaru nodded, but then added after a brief hesitation on her part, "and Rei's really mad. She says you took her mangas with you. You didn't, did you Usagi-mama?" The blonde laughed nervously, thinking over the stack she had piled in the corner of her new bedroom. "Nope, don't know what she's talking about."

Walking up behind her, Haruka asked, "So Usagi, why don't you introduce us to your friends there." She waved a hand to the group near the door to the music room. The blonde nodded, "Hai, hai. This is Albus Dumbledore, he's the Headmaster of this school. Professor McGonagall, and Professor Snape, they're sensei's."

Haruka nodded to the three older people. The man in the black robes looked highly displeased with the whole situation. After introducing the teachers Usagi continued to the two younger men, "That is Harry Potter, and Draco Malfoy, they're students of this school."

"Oh and these are my friends Haruka Ten'oh and Hotaru Tomoe."

Harry looked at the youngest of the three, as he asked hesitantly, "If you don't mind me asking, why does she call you- mama?" Usagi blinked, "Uh, well it's because I helped raised her." The child giggled, "Hai, Usagi-mama, and Haruka-papa, and Michiru-mama, and Setsuna-mama." Harry grinned, only having to bend over a little, so that he could be the same height as the child, "Sounds like you have

a big family.” Hotaru nodded, “Hai.” She turned to the older woman, and tugged at the woman’s pants to catch her attention.

“Haruka-papa, I’m tired.” Smiling, Usagi answered for Haruka, “Okay Hotaru, since you guys will be staying here, you can sleep in my room. My bed has plenty of room.”

Nodding the older woman replied, “Good idea koneko. Lead the way.”

“Oh not again.” Artemis hung his head, when the blonde girl rolled over, burying her face into the pillow. “This girl will never change.” The white cat hopped from the bed, just as the door to the room opened.

“Why the long face Artemis?” Haruka massaged her scalp through the white towel she was using to dry her hair with. Her blue eyes moved to the lump on the bed. Faintly she could hear the soft snores muffled by the pillow. “Oh.”

Moving further into the room, she tossed the towel aside. “Here Artemis, let me give it a go.” The white cat rolled his shoulders, “By all means. Kami only knows how many times I’ve tried.”

Haruka chuckled, as she approached the bed. Bending down, she grasped the blanket with both hands. With one hard yank, she wrenched the comforter and sheets from the huddled body. Usagi whimpered in reaction. Instinctively she padded around for her covers. Next, Haruka jerked the pillow from under the girl’s head, promptly waking the blonde.

“Haruka...” she pouted, looking up at the taller woman indignantly. “Give me five more minutes.”

Chuckling, Haruka waved a finger at the younger girl. “Ah, ah, ah hime, its time to get up. You’ll have to dream about Mamoru-san later, right now you have classes.”

“Who?”

Usagi frowned, as she sat up. It was much too early for her to think. What was Haruka saying? At the strange look she received, she asked, "Gomen, what?"

Haruka burst out laughing, at the sleepy blonde still half lying on the bare bed. "Koneko, your head is still in the clouds. Don't tell me you've forgotten all about your Mamo-chan." The sarcastic tone, snapped Usagi from the sleepy state she was in, and she fell back down to reality. "Mamo-chan? Oh hai, hai." She pursed her lips together, "I thought you didn't like Mamo-chan." She stood from the bed, and attempted to get dressed for another day at school.

Turning to follow her princess, Haruka answered, "I don't. But since you care for him, I don't believe it is right for me to object to your decision." Usagi nodded wearily, as she slipped from her pajamas and into her school robes.

Once dressed, she quickly did her hair, and looked about the room. "Don't worry koneko, Hotaru went down to breakfast already." The blonde nodded, but yet, her eyes scanned the empty room, with what looked like a forlorn gaze. "Well, I guess we better go then." Haruka nodded, and followed Usagi out of the room. Crossing her arms over her chest, she asked, "Haruka, will you be coming to my classes as well?"

The taller woman replied, "Hai, both of us will. It will be so much fun." Usagi slid a weary look to her friend, "Why doesn't that sound like a good thing?" Haruka chuckled, "You're just being paranoid. It will be fun." She grinned, her boyish blonde hair falling into her blue eyes. "Great fun."

They reached the Great Hall, where there was a loud commotion coming from inside. Usagi frowned, at the sound of loud cheers, and she pushed the door open to look. At first all she saw was a loud crowd of students surrounding one table.

How odd.

"Well would you look at that?"

Usagi glanced at Haruka, and then followed the direction her finger was pointing to. "Hotaru!" She pushed forward, working her way through the mob of bodies. In the middle was the Gryffindor table, with a small girl, with thick black hair, and deep violet eyes was standing on it. She was dressed in her sailor form, and she held her glaive tightly in both of her hands.

Reaching the table, she felt a shove from behind. She fell forward into the bench. Turning, she glared at who pushed her. "You!" She gritted her teeth at the white haired boy who continually, annoyed her. Why, she would never understand, and yet she had the gall to have a dream with him in it. She sighed, when he finally looked at her, with those calm blue eyes of his. His lips formed a smirk, and she wondered faintly what she had done to deserve his criticism.

"Uranus Eternal Power!" Usagi blinked, as bright lights filled the air, and she felt the rise of power near the doorway. Both her and the rest of the student body turned to look. Sailor Uranus stood there; with one hand on her hip, while the other propped her saber on her shoulder.

Her sky blue eyes smoldered with contained anger, as she shouted, "Get to your seats! Show's over!"

Draco snorted towards the woman who was trying to boss them around. He turned to look down at Usagi, and drawled, "So Professor, do you by chance wear a short skirt like your dear friends?"

Shooting the taller boy a glare, Usagi turned her back to him, so that she could concentrate on the girl standing on the table. "Hotaru, come here"

The young girl grinned, as she walked towards her princess. Still smiling, she asked, "Usagi-hime, why didn't you tell us your ootoo was here to?"

Usagi jerked back, and she bumped against Draco, who out of the few left, had remained standing. "Nani?" She looked to the boy still standing on the table. He looked much older than she remembered him. He had only been twelve when she had left home to come here.

This boy, staring at her, with a detached gaze, she didn't recognize, must have been at least fourteen years old.

He looked older, and yet, he was still the same. The same mop of brown hair, and blue eyes, but the look on his face, was something she couldn't recognize. Not ever had she seen him look at her, the way he was looking at her now. Squaring her shoulders, she asked carefully, "What's your name?" She preyed Hotaru was wrong, that she, even her own assumption was incorrect.

"Tsukino, Shingo"

How, could she not have seen him before? In any of her classes, how could she not have seen his name, or seen him sitting among the heads of kids she taught? "I- I see. Why haven't we, I mean?" She struggled for the right question, and yet nothing sounded right.

"Why am I not in your class? Because I dropped it." He crossed his arms over his chest. "I'm taking another class instead." The empty answer, the one he neglected to say rang through the air. The reason why he wasn't taking the class. He wasn't taking the class, because of her. But why?

"Oh wow." Haruka stood next to her, still transformed. "He looks just like your Ootoo Usagi." Her blue eyes moved over the younger boy, "I would swear that was him, if I hadn't seen him just the other day at your house."

Usagi nodded, a frown forming on her face. Setsuna must have neglected to tell her something.

Haruka glanced at Hotaru, "I see I shouldn't have taken my eye off of you. Now get down, and get something to eat. If Michiru had been here..." She shook her head, knowing that Hotaru understood the hidden meaning to her hidden threat.

The girl dropped down from the table, "Gomen papa, but Shingo got mad at me, and used this stick he had. It shot fire at me."



She looked over her shoulder, and stuck her tongue out at him, before running off to find an empty bench. Usagi gave the boy, who still stood on the table, one last look, before she turned away. She was greeted by Draco, who was standing right behind her. "Ah, Mr. Malfoy, why don't you take your seat like everyone else."

Turning to the pair standing with her, Haruka frowned. "You better take your seat." She pushed her way to stand in-between the two, not liking the way the boy had been looking at her princess.

Draco lifted his head so that he looked at the woman at the end of his nose. "Do not think for one second that you can order me around, muggle."

A single blonde brow lifted in questioning. She wasn't sure if he was trying to insult her or not. "Haruka, please." Usagi held the older woman back. Hoping to stop a fight before it began; she turned her eyes onto the boy, and begged, "Please."

He grunted his reply, before he turned and left the two, so that he could sit at his table. The smaller blonde sighed, "Okay, come on Haruka, let's eat."

Haruka nodded, her eyes still on the white haired boy. How interesting... She smirked, her blue eyes glinting with mischief, as thoughts and ideas began to turn in her head.

Usagi glanced at her friends with sympathy. They looked utterly bored, as the three of them waited outside on the lawn. "Haruka you don't have to hang around. You and Hotaru can check out the school if you like."

She frowned as she noted again, that the two had neglected to change. Still garbed in the sailor uniforms, Usagi had received several sneer comments, and odd stares.

Her blonde haired companion looked up at her, from the book she had been trying to read. For the last hour, she had been trying to read one page, and she had yet to catch anything. It appeared, or so she thought, that muggle was an insult. But why the boy had called

her it, was beyond her attention span. Usagi had even been unable to aid her in her quest to learn the wizard language. Her princess had refused to learn the extra vocabulary, until she was capable of getting to classes on time, and teach her students something they needed. Haruka quickly came to the conclusion that that was highly unlikely to happen anytime soon.

“lie, koneko-chan, I enjoy seeing you being a sensei.” She grinned, at the thought of the day so far. It was still funny to think of Usagi as a Professor. It was comedy all in itself. And with the demonstration she had been given so far, she was in the right mind to believe that her princess was not cut out to be a teacher. Let alone control the whole school, once the old guy retired.

Hotaru, who had managed to find herself a broom, nodded wholeheartedly. “Hai, Usagi-mama, I would love to stay and see you teach more.” She kicked up off the ground, and Haruka was given a sight of seeing a real broom fly. Who’d a thought?

Usagi sighed, and her eyes gazed about the several items of furniture, she had managed to stuff into her subspace pocket. It was quite handy, but hard to conceal when she pulled out a chair from seemingly nowhere. It was hard to not see the shocked faces from those who saw.

But it was a small price to pay. She would rather be gawked at, then spending an hour walking up and down those infernal stairs, carrying each and every item, one at a time. “Okay, if you’re sure. The class should be here any minute.”

Haruka slapped the book shut, and tossed it to the ground from where she had picked it up earlier. Walking towards the shorter woman, she asked, “Who do you teach next?” Placing one hand on her hip, she looked over her blonde friend’s shoulder, to see what she was looking at.

Not bothering to look up, Usagi answered, “Gryffindor and Slytherin. They’re 7th year students.”

“Hey Professor.” At the sound of a new voice, the blonde looked up from her schedule book. “Oh hey Harry, you’re early.”

The boy grinned, as he approached, “Yea, I guess I’m a little excited about today.” Nodding, Usagi inwardly winced at the thought of what was planned. She was giving the class a test on the spells they had learned so far. Even though there were only a handful of them, it was she; they had to use them on. One by one, she would go down the row of students, and grade them.

“Oh, hai, the first test. I notice you know quite a few of the spells already, so I’m sure you’re going to do just fine.” She beamed him a smile, not catching the flush that streaked across his face, because she turned away. Looking towards the doors to the school, she spotted the rest of her class.

They were doing fine so far, many of them exceeding far beyond the rest of the class. But a few were lagging behind. As her students drew closer, she noted each and every face. Several were confident, a few too cocky for their own good, and a few who were pale and worried beyond belief.

Their last class had ended on a serious note. She knew she had made this test seem harder than it should have been. And looking at poor Neville Longbottom, she feared she might have overdone it, just a wee bit. She wasn’t looking forward to his turn, considering every time that boy used his wand, something horrible conspired. But she wasn’t about ready to give up on him yet. In a way he reminded her of herself, clumsy, and slightly incompetent. So she vowed to help him and anyone else in any way she could.

Not one person was going to fail this test or any other.

The group reached the spot where their class had been residing for the last few weeks. “Hello everyone, welcome to another day of DADA. I hope you are all well rested, since this is our first test today.”

Haruka looked at her with surprise, and at that moment, Hotaru dropped from the sky landing only a few feet away. Usagi glanced at

the younger girl briefly, to make sure she was okay. She seemed to be enjoying her flight, unlike how Haruka had taken to it for the first time. After that first try, she had slowly gotten used to the broom. But had stated it was nothing like her baby back home.

“Okay so why don’t you guys practice for the next ten minutes, before we begin.” With that said, the students split off to the respective pairs.

Turning to her taller friend, Usagi asked, “Haruka, why haven’t you or Hotaru changed back? It must be draining, to keep up that form all day.”

With a shrug of her shoulders Haruka answered, “Someone needs to look out for your safety hime. Who better to have than Sailor Uranus and Saturn?” Usagi looked over to see Hotaru jet off into the sky once more. “Okay, how bout just me, since my trusty partner has taken off to visit the moon.”

Usagi grinned at the older woman, “Ruka chan, what would I do without you.” Giving her a hug, Usagi held her tightly. “I just wish the others could have come too.

“Ah, Professor such public display of affection, is not permitted. Filch would have you honeyed and feathered for such acts.”

A growl escaped passed Usagi’s control, and she slowly extracted herself from her friend’s waist. “Oh, go just jump off a bridge, Malfoy.” The boy smirked, crossing his arms over his chest. “Well, that wasn’t very nice.” Rolling her eyes at him, Usagi snapped, “Go bother someone else for a change. I get enough sarcasm from Rei to last me a lifetime.”

Haruka frowned at the boy who so smugly held himself higher than anyone around him. That is except for a certain blonde haired girl. It was quite interesting, to see him look down at the shorter girl as if she wasn’t the dirt off his shoes, like he did to everyone else in his presence. But with Usagi, he seemed to look at her, as if she were an equal.

Smirking, Haruka placed a comforting hand on her princess, as she spoke softly to the boy, "Why don't you take your unwanted, stuck up remarks and shove them up your ass, before I do it for you."

Usagi whirled around, and looked up at her, slightly aghast. Without Michiru around, Haruka felt a small ounce of freedom. She would not have to watch her mouth around anyone, as long as Michiru was back in Tokyo, and Haruka was in London. Any inch closer to her lover, Michiru would surely have her whipped for such language. Even though the idea was sort of appealing.

Draco glared at the older woman, his blue eyes moving over her frame in an assessing manner. "And what are you, her mother?" He snorted in disgust, and he wrinkled his nose at her choice of clothes. "Why don't you go back to where you came from mudblood?"

Haruka scowled, it was one of those words again. Damn him for using that against her, since she had no idea what the hell he was saying! But for that she admired him. Not many actually stood up to her like he seemed to do. She could see the challenge in his eyes, and the confidence in his smirk.

It was almost like looking into a mirror.

Fearing the outcome of this battle, Usagi moved to stand in between the two, and pushed them back with her hands. "Now, now, this is not the time to start a fight." Shooting both of them a heated glare, she grabbed Draco, and drug him to where the rest of the class waited patiently. She should have known instantly, that letting Haruka stay was a major boo boo. But now it was far too late to correct her horrible mistake.

She sighed, as she let him go, and faced the class. "Okay, why don't we get started. There are only three spells, so this should go relatively fast. I'll be picking random, so be prepared for your name to be called next. While I'm with one student, you may partner up and practice, or talk if you like." Eying each and everyone one of them, she nodded, when she noted they were all listening. "Granger you're first."

Hotaru climbed off the broom, and rested it against her shoulder as she joined Haruka. Smiling at the older woman, she asked, "How's she doing Haruka-papa."

Looking down at her, Haruka replied, "Fine. She has taught them well it appears." Nodding, the child looked across the lawn for a certain face. "Setsuna-mama didn't just make a simple mistake, did she?"

She frowned, her eyes trying to spot what the younger one had sought. "What do you mean?" Lines creased her forehead, when she spotted Draco Malfoy. He was who the child was looking at.

Setting the broom down, Hotaru replied with intelligence beyond her years, "Setsuna-mama has left many connections to this world, linked to ours. Have you scanned Mr. Malfoy's powers?"

Haruka studied the boy who stood several feet away from her. Now that she looked at him, without anger, and contempt, she did feel the connection. "Hai I do. What do you suppose it is?"

The little girl crossed her arms over her chest, and her dark eyes moved to her princess. "Setsuna-mama mentioned mistakes. I believe he might be one of them, and Shingo-san is another."

Tapping her chin thoughtfully the blue senshi hesitated, before she added, "From the conversations I've heard in the halls, I would say Setsuna did a lousy fucking job at severing the ties between these two worlds."

Not the least bit affected by the older woman's curse, the girl nodded gravely. "Hai, I agree. That must be why Setsuna had to send Usagi-hime, and not someone else. Should we help?" She lifted her head to look at the one of the few people in her life as a parent. The outers had raised her, cared for, and loved her like she was one of them. But at some points in her life, she missed her real father. Even though she hadn't met him in this lifetime, she still felt the bond between her and Dr. Tomoe.

Haruka waited, not saying anything at first, before she shook her head. "lie. Setsuna made a mistake by not severing all the ties. It's not our problem." After a brief pause, a smirk formed on her face, as her eyes moved from one person to the other. The boy and her princess, and back again.

"lie, I think we should have a little fun, what do you say Hotaru?"

The child slowly smiled, and a glint sparked from somewhere deep within the depths of her dark eyes. "Setsuna-mama will be furious."

"So?"

She giggled, "Okay Haruka-papa, I'm in."

Draco rolled his shoulders, and then rolled his head from side to side. It had been a long day. Interesting, but long. Not that he minded really, at least, not this year.

Shutting the door to the Slytherin's common room, he glanced around cautiously. The room was very much empty, much to his relief, since he wasn't in the mood for company. Moving across the floor, he pulled out the folded letter, he had neglected to read that morning. Opening it, he scanned the contents inside.

He sighed openly, his loathsome mood barely contained. It was only October, and already his parents were asking if he was coming home for Christmas this year. What a bother.

Dropping into the empty chair by the glowing hearth, he reached over for the discarded blank piece of parchment. There was no one around to claim the paper and quill. With a shrug, he propped up one leg and began his reply.

What was the point in coming home anyway? And why did they bother to ask him every year? It wasn't like he had much of a choice in the matter. His father clearly made all of his choices.

Staring at the line he had written he frowned. Another false holiday with the endless boring family. Crossing it out, he started again,

trying to convey to his family, that he didn't have much choice in the matter.

Who would want to stay here anyway, with no one but the Professors to keep you company. Them and Potter. He gritted his teeth in agitation. That boy thought he was everything, well he was wrong. Someday, he would prove to everyone that Harry Potter was a fraud. How, he wasn't sure yet, but he believed he would find a way sooner or later.

Hopefully it was later, since right now he had a letter to write.

Frowning, he reread his paragraph, and shook his head. No, it is all wrong. Reaching into his pocket for his wand, he jerked it out. And in the process something fell out, and landed with a soft clank on the hard floor at his feet. He set the parchment and quill aside, so that he could bend over and pick up the object that had fallen from his pocket.

Holding the item up in the light of the fire, he watched as the prism lights flickered on the walls, and on the floor. It was a small chunk of some kind of crystal. He wasn't sure where he had gotten it from, even though he did remembered finding it.

Leaning back into the soft chair, he studied the crystal, which he held in between his index finger and thumb. He had had it for some time, since that day he had woken to find himself in a strange room with Potter. It had been strange, but nothing horrible had happened to him. Or so he had tried to reason with himself, and had failed miserably. He had felt a sense of loss, after that day, which nagged at him day and night. Cupping the rock in his palm, he just stared at it, wanting desperately, to know why the crystal's shine darkened each day. It was like everything heavenly was being sucked dry, leaving behind just a shard of a rock.

"Why do I feel like there is this big hole in my mind? And why do I have a feeling that you have something to do with this giant hole?" There was no answer, not that he expected it to speak or anything. He knew so far, that the hole evolved around his fifth year. He remembered some of it, but there was a hug chunk cut out, or stored away somewhere where he could find it.



He remembered nothing about the attacks everyone talked about. Not even the disappearance of Pansy Parkinson. Not that he missed her. She made sure he didn't. Speaking of which...

"I guess I should go find out the culprit on the attack on Usagi." Draco blinked, a frown etching across his face. Had the crystal flashed?

He must be losing his mind, because he could have sworn when he said, "Usagi?" He tried it again, just for good measure. Low and behold, the crystal flashed with life, responding to the very name he was forbidden to say outside of his own room and in his mind.

Glancing about, and still catching no sign of peers, he whispered, "Usagi Tsukino." He jerked back, his body going rigid, when the crystal lashed out at him. The whole room was filled with light. It was beyond anything he had ever seen before. It was like being in a dream.

He couldn't see anything, but the glowing light coming from the jewel in his palm. His body went numb, and pain flared at the temple of his head. Crying out, he nearly dropped the crystal, but he somehow managed to grip it in his fist. The light from the crystal flared, searing his eyeballs, and lashing through his brain like fire.

The pain ripped through his head, burning anything it touched. It was like his whole brain was being cut into pieces. What the hell was happening to him?

As soon as the light appeared, it vanished, leaving him feeling naked and vulnerable. Not something he was taking kindly to. Climbing to his feet, he staggered, his knees shaking by the sudden unexpected weight put on them.

What the hell happened?

Glancing about the room, he frowned as his legs began to move on their own accord. Instead of going to the boy's dormitory, he went up to the girl's, and entered the 7th year's dorm. Slipping inside, he shut the door, and was thankful to find it empty.

And yet it wasn't.

When he entered the room, his eyes were instantly drawn to her, where she was seated on her bed. She looked up at him, and then at the door.

Smirking to himself, he moved about the room, silently pleased to find that her eyes moved to look at him again. "Looks just like our room." His eyes fell onto the blonde haired girl, dressed in Slytherin robes, before he directed his eyes to the room itself.

"I didn't see you in the library so I figured you would be here. Are you ready?"

The girl looked at him strangely, her blue eyes weary. As if she didn't understand what he had said, she asked, "Ready? Ready for what Draco-san?"

He scowled at her his eyes narrowed. 'Why did she have to insist on calling him that?' "Didn't I say not to call me that?" The girl nodded, but she held her chin up, as she replied hotly, "And I told you not to call me a first year, but you still do."

"I can call you what I want first year, I'm a Prefect." He gave her a sharp look that meant she should take his word for it.

She shook her head, a frown marrying her lovely features, "But Harry-san says, that a Prefect still has to be courteous like everyone else." He growled, "Do you listen to everything Potter says?"

A few seconds passed, before the girl nodded, "Hai, I do, because he's my friend." He instantly scoffed his lips curling into a sneer, "Slytherins don't befriend Gryffindors."

The girl, who still was seated on the bed replied, "Well this Slytherin did make a friend, and his name is Harry."

He narrowed his eyes, not liking the fact she was refusing to abide by his rules. And yet he admired her for doing so. "You better watch what you say first year." She met his glare with one of her own, and he felt taken aback by it. "Stop calling me first year!"

He scoffed, trying to hide the surprised emotion he had let slip seconds ago. Smirking, he asked with an amusement dripping from each word he spoke, "And would you rather I called you Odango?" The girl frowned as if the nickname was an insult to her dignity, "Actually, I rather you didn't. I prefer Usagi."

He shook his head unfazed by her stubbornness, "Well I prefer, first year." She rolled her eyes at him, but changed the subject, "And what was it that I should I be ready for?"

He grinned, unable to contain the emotions bubbling at the surface. Fighting it back, he crossed his arms crossing over his chest, "To work. I'm you're new tutor."

"WHAT?!?!"

Draco blinked, bringing the room into focus. He was alone in the room. There wasn't anyone sitting on the bed like he had just seen. There was no younger Professor Tsukino staring at him with a haughtiness that he found appealing.

He frowned, his head aching from the image he had just watched moments ago. Turning back to the door, he left the room, to allow himself space. What had been that that thing he had just watched? He might not understand what it was, but he was sure he knew what it had done. He felt as if the hole in his mind was slowly being filled.

Moving back down to the common room, he collected the piece of parchment, and quill.

There was something very interesting about that rendezvous in the girl's dormitory. He remembered it, as if it had been a locked away memory that had just now broken free.

Pausing, he glanced at what he had written so far. No, this would not do. Besides, he wasn't about to go home for Christmas. Not if Usagi was going to be here, with Potter.

Crumpling the paper in his hand, he started for the door. Right now he had a date to keep, so the letter will have to wait, and then he would think more about the memory he had just experienced. Surely there was much more to come.

Hopefully they would come sooner than later.

All right peeps, this chapter has been written and edited, and printed for you to view. Criticize till your heart is content. I hope you like it, it took me nearly a month to write it, struggling against writers block all the way.

Hopefully this chapter cleared up, or filled in a few holes about what had happened after Usagi died. If not ask in your reviews, and I'll answer any questions to the best of my ability, without giving out the end and all.

Well I hope the next chapter wont be to hard to write, and I hope to get it out sooner. So I will speak with you then. Until that day comes, good morning good afternoon, and good evening. :D

LP signing out.

## Chapter seven:

### Blind Match

Shaking her head, Usagi stated the obvious, "You're a fraud Malfoy-san." She pursed her lips together, as she eyed the boy in front of her. For the past few weeks they had been meeting in her classroom, to go over the spells.

She was exhausted, after a long day of teaching, and trying to keep her eyes on her friends all at once. And now, as she dropped to floor to rest, she wondered if the day would ever end. No wonder Setsuna was always cranky...

Usagi looked up, just as the older boy approached her. He crouched down in front of her, so that he was eye level with her haggard form. She was just not made to be a teacher, and it was only October for heavens sake.

"You look tired Professor." She met his eyes, with a frown. She wasn't exactly sure what caused it, but something in this boy had drastically changed. Sure, he went out of his way to annoy her, but... how could she explain it in words she could understand? It was like he had a whole other side to him and for some peculiar reason, only she got to see it. Well maybe Hotaru too. She had seen him hanging out with the younger girl much more lately.

"Why don't we stop? You have helped me greatly these last few days."

What was wrong with him? If only she could read his mind. Never in all the days she had been here, had she ever seen him worried about her health. It was disturbing, and yet sweet of him to care.

"lie, I think I can finish the hour." Sighing heavily, she glanced around for something to haul her heavy butt up from the floor, with. When Draco stood, he held out his hand to her, and her frown deepened. This had to be an act. There was no way someone could change over night.

Taking his hand, she let him pull her to her feet. "Artigato." He nodded, and reluctantly let her hand go.

Usagi watched as he took a seat on one of the many tables, much like she usually did in her evenings. "Why don't we rest for a bit? And you can tell me a little bit about yourself."

Blinking, she asked, "Excuse me?" Had she heard him correctly? His smirk was antagonizing all on its own. He didn't have to say anything. All he had to do was give her that knowing look, and her blood boiled. "By the look on your face I would say that you know what I said."

She scowled at him, "Why should I tell you anything?" He shrugged leisurely, "You don't. I thought I would just ask, to strike up a conversation."

There was some secret meaning behind his words she just didn't catch. She felt uneasy, but it wasn't from his question, it more had to do with the fact that never before had anyone asked her such a question. And as she thought it over, the more she wanted to tell someone. And since he asked...

What would be the harm, it wasn't like they existed in the same world. These people had never even heard of the Sailor Senshi. But they knew Usagi Tsukino, or at least one from a few years ago and now another one.

"Fine." Taking a seat on the table adjacent to his, she thought about where to start, but more so, what to leave out; she was a walking storybook. Falling back on the table, she relaxed, letting her weariness slip away.

"Well, let's see. My names Usagi, and I have two parents and an ootoo. I also have a cat, which you have met, Luna. I have lived in Tokyo, Japan all sixteen years of my life." Crossing her legs, she began to swing them. "I'm going to bore you, my life isn't great."

He chuckled, "Yes, but whose life is?" She nodded, agreeing full heartily. It was strange to find that they agreed on something. Not

dwelling on that thought she hastily continued with the portion of her life she decided to tell. "I have the greatest friends, and I won't bother to list all of their names for you. When I was fourteen I became a super hero, and one by one my friends joined me."

"You know how Haruka changed the other day; well, we all can do that. And hai, we wear short skirts. Anyway..."

She wasn't about to give him a chance to talk, while she was telling her story, she ignored his interruption, to add, "And I'm engaged." The words were hallow when they came out, and she faintly wondered why that was.

"You're engaged?" Why did he sound mad? Propping herself up on her elbows, she replied, "Hai. My Mamo-chan is still in Tokyo, waiting for me."

"Oh really." His blue eyes looked like they could have frozen hell over with one glance. "Why aren't you wearing a ring? Or has he forgotten to give you one?"

Usagi glanced at her bare hand, just then realizing that her ring was still at home. The ring Mamoru had given to her, before his trip to America. She had left it on her vanity, so that she could put it on after her shower. Why hadn't she felt empty with out it? Why hadn't she felt a sense of loss this whole time while being away from him for so long? If she loved him as much as she told him she did, then shouldn't she feel heartache by not seeing something, anything that could remind her of him? "I left it at home. Setsuna barely even gave me a chance to get dress, before she sent me here."

"You'll have to dream about Mamoru-san later, right now you have classes."

She hadn't been dreaming of him, in fact she had hardly even thought of him over the weeks she had been here. Now that she thought about him, said his name in her head over and over again, she felt a slice in her heart. There was nothing, not even a faint recognition of who he was.

How could she be forgetting something such as a love that lasted a century? How could she forget the man she loved?

And she couldn't even say it was happening because she was here. Since the day Setsuna had come to her room, and asked her to help her, Usagi had forgotten.

Her hands formed fists at her sides, she hadn't just forgotten about Mamoru, but about the girls too, and Chibi Usa. All of them had become nonexistent in her life. Her last few days in Tokyo had been spent at home with her family, and the books Setsuna had given her to study from.

The link between our words is much stronger than Setsuna could have ever imagined. The links between them are reforming, and soon I won't even exist in mine.

Setsuna had gone against every guideline in her life, by forming some kind of connection between their world and this one. And for her punishment, the connection would alter all of her plans, all of her hopes for the future she dearly wanted.

If Usagi Tsukino stayed here any longer, Crystal Tokyo would cease to exist.

"Give me a demonstration of your powers." Usagi blinked, dragging herself from her deep thoughts. "Nani?" She looked at him, trying to catch a hint as to what he had asked of her.

"I want to see your power."

Oh, he wanted to see her transform.

Usagi flushed, as she sat up straighter. She had never transformed for an audience before, and she wasn't so sure she wanted to. Didn't she become naked through the transformation?

"I don't know..."



He shrugged loosely, "I won't tell anyone. I just want to see what you can do. See if you're fit to be a Professor here." There was more to it than he was saying, she was sure of it. Some deeper meaning to his words, she couldn't see.

"All right."

What harm could it do? It only lasted about a minute anyway surely he wouldn't see anything. "If you laugh, I'll moon dust you, without any remorse."

Amusement etched across his face, and a single silver brow rose in questioning. Yea, so the statement didn't hold much of a threat here either...

Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out her brooch. Just a few simple words, and that was all. Clutching the locket in her hand she frowned.

"That thing gives me the creeps."

She shook her head, wondering where that had come from. When had her brooch ever given her such an uneasy feeling?

Usagi lifted the brooch up over her head, and shot Draco a heated look. He was going to make her feel stupid. "Moon Eternal Make-up!"

Never in all the times she had transformed, had it taken so long! It had only taken a minute, but to her it was an eternity. She could feel eyes on her, and the thought of knowing that he was watching, made her blush. After the final flicker of light and ribbons vanished, she touched ground. Her white-heeled boots landed softly on the hard floor, and the air around her form stilled. Through her veins, she could feel the flowing power burn.

Looking down, she clenched her fists at her sides, the white gloves fitting into a fist. It had been so long, she barely remembered what it felt like to transform.

She held her breath, when there wasn't any comment from behind her. Was there something wrong? Slowly, she turned her head, to look at him, from the safety of looking over her shoulder. He was still sitting on the table, but his demeanor had completely changed. "Draco?"

Facing him, she clasped her hands in front of her, as she went towards him. "Draco?" She was worried when there was no reply. So reaching out, she patted his cheek to get his attention.

He blinked, his blue eyes bringing her into a sharp focus. "Phew, thought I lost you there." She pulled back, grinning sheepishly. After taking a step back, she caught Draco's eyes sliding over her appearance. Flushing, she made a move to cover herself.

"Does the outfit come with the words, or was it your choice?" His drawl was mocking as ever, but there was something slightly off key. She shivered as his lips formed a crooked smile. "They came with my powers. I'm Sailor Moon. With my friends help we fight, and protect our planet."

Shoving himself off the table, he moved around her, to inspect her completely. She heard him stop behind her, and when she glanced over her shoulder, she could see he was staring at her white wings. "They're real?" She was startled when he reached out and touched them. "Hai. I can fly when I'm Sailor Moon." Usagi turned to face him, and found that she was nearly eye level with him. "What's wrong?"

He shook his head, "Nothing." Usagi giggled, "You don't look like there's nothing wrong. Why don't you tell me, maybe I can help?"

Draco tilted his head, as if taking her words into consideration. "Maybe you can." Without warning, he leaned forward, and hesitated for only a breath of a second. But it was just long enough for Usagi to gasp, her eyes widening. His lips captured hers in a chase kiss that made her knees weak. If the kiss had lasted any longer than a few seconds, Usagi would have fallen against him. Her body was liquid fire, and the thought of fighting him off, didn't even cross her mind.

When he pulled back, his face was as flushed as hers, and his eyes burned with a hidden emotion she missed. "I-"

He pulled away, leaving her in the cold, as he started for the door of her classroom. There was no good-bye, not a word as he left her alone in the room. And Usagi had no choice but to stare after him.

Her transformation melted away, leaving her in her robes, and feeling vulnerable. The kiss had felt so alarmingly familiar, that it scared her. Each day something felt familiar. And yet that kiss was the most solid thing she had come across so far.

I need to find out what happened here two years ago, and why I was brought here.

Reaching Dumbledore's office, Usagi searched for a way in. He had said that the gargoyles had been his office, so where was the door? Was there some kind of secret password? Probably a tricky one, one, no one could ever guess. She heaved a sigh, realizing, that she would have to wait for the headmaster to arrive.

"Miss Usagi, what a pleasant surprise."

The blonde haired teen turned to see the very man she had wanted to talk to. What luck! "Albus. I'm glad I found you. I wanted to ask you a few questions." She watched as the smile on the older man's face faltered. "Oh." He stopped next to her, and turned so that he was looking down at her. "Like what kind of questions? Lemondrops." The statue shuttered, before it started to move on its own. That was the secret password? God, she could have figured that one out! A spinning staircase appeared in the narrow hole, and the two entered.

"You know why I'm here Albus. You know I was here a few years ago. I need you to tell what happened." They reached the older man's office, and the stairs came to a stop. Stepping out, the Headmaster moved to his desk. "I think this has happened before Miss Usagi, and I'm not one to repeat past mistakes."

Usagi followed him, and took a seat in a chair she vaguely remembered sitting in before. Bad sense of Déjà vu. “Albus, I’ve been here before. My brother exists in two worlds. And people know me. They’re always talking about another Usagi Tsukino.” She waved a hand to the office, “You have to tell me!”

He shook his head. “I’m old, but I’m not stupid. Yes I know that you have existed here before, but any trace of you was erased.”

“No it wasn’t!” Usagi shot from her chair. “There are girls still missing! They went missing when I stayed here last. And my brother Shingo still lives here!”

Dumbledore seated himself wearily in his chair behind his desk. Sadly, his eyes dropped to stare at his desk. The silence that lingered between them was not comfortable. To ease his mind, he removed his glasses, and looked at them. “I’m an old wizard Usagi. I have seen many things in my long life here. But that year, two years ago, is a vague memory I can’t grasp. What ever happened to you, all traces of your existences has been erased. All we have is a name, and a few events that couldn’t be redeemed.”

Usagi sagged, and fell into her seat. “So, no one knows? No one remembers?”

He shook his head, “You’re asking the wrong person. I’m sure if you talked with others, maybe your past here could be pieced together. I remember very little, and I’m sure it’s the same with others. But we all agree. Two years ago, a tragic event occurred, and it involved a young girl named, Usagi Tsukino.”

Her head hit the table with a precise thump. The sound was enough to wake anyone close by, to hear. That is if anyone had been awake at such an hour. But it was the pain of the impact had made, that had brought her sharply out of the dream world.

“Oh.” She reached up, fingering the forming bump on her forehead. It was going to leave a nasty bruise. Tenderly she massaged the ache, reducing it to a minimal. What a pain. Her eyes were sore, her head hurt, and her body was stiff all over.

If she couldn't handle this, she wasn't going to last in college.

Yawning exaggeratedly, Usagi leaned back in the wooden chair. What a long night this turned out to be. She stretched lazily, her bones popping, as her arms moved up over her head to stretch. Her toes curled, and a small sound escaped passed her lips.

"Sleeping on the job?"

Usagi glanced up in mid stretch to see who else was skipping a good night's rest. Haruka chuckled as she pulled out a chair at the table her blonde friend had sat in, all day. "You know, your students missed you."

The younger girl snorted, "I bet." Blue eyes fell to the open book, and Usagi scowled. How many books had she gone over? How many books had she read? She eyed the tall piles that had accumulated on both sides of her.

Boy, Ami would be proud!

"See, you don't believe me. But what I say is true. I saw plenty of sad looks from the kids, when they walked in to find me standing there."

She rubbed at her eyes, trying to keep herself awake long enough to hear the conversation. "Did you have fun?" Her partner grinned, "Hai, we found lots to do for the whole period. School here is much more fun, then back home."

The smaller blonde nodded, "I think so too." She yawned, her blue eyes drooping. "What time is it?"

Haruka shoved back her chair. "Bed time I see." Standing, she moved around the table to help her princess stand. "It's nearly midnight. Why don't you take it easy for a while? I'll continue the search."

Usagi nodded, "Okay." She stood with the older girl's help. "I think I can find my way. Artigato, for helping me Haruka." The taller girl

shrugged, "I know a few ways you can pay me back. I'll see you in the morning hime. Get some rest, because I'm not teaching tomorrow. It's your job, not mine."

The blonde chuckled, as she left the library, leaving the other woman behind. She followed the hallway to a set of stairs, and made her way to the next level. On that floor, she turned left, and found her way in the right hallway leading to her room.

She hesitated only for a second in front of the gargoyle statue, before walking on. Reaching the end of the hall, she muttered her password, and entered her empty room. Where was Hotaru?

Her eyes took in the large room, but the child was nowhere in sight. She frowned, but decided not to pursue the younger girl. It was late, and she was exhausted. The door swung silently behind her, closing, without her having to do so. Not looking behind her, she moved to the bed like a zombie.

Feebly, she slipped out of her robes, and tossed the unwanted garment to the floor. She grabbed her pink pajamas that had been folded on her bed, and tugged them on. She slipped on the bunny imprinted pants first, then the shirt. Her eyes were barely open, as she fumbled with the buttons. Her fingers fiddled with them for at least five minutes, before she gave up trying to fix them.

Throwing back the covers, she climbed into the toasty bed, and laid down. Pulling the blankets to her chin, she closed her eyes, willing the lights to die out, so that she could sleep.

Someone was laughing at her. That much she could make out, through the thick fog of her mind. She groaned, searching for the source of the voice. 'Poor, poor first year, you shall take the blame. Troubled, troubled first year, they are all the same. They see you in them, for they are coming for you.'

She whimpered, her lips forming a frown. Who was that? She turned, trying to fight her way through the cloud. Her surroundings were a mesh of haze, and blurry figures staying just out of her reach. She turned this way and that, her heart lodged in her throat.

Why did she feel threatened?

Her feet hit something. Looking down she noticed a small box. It was wrapped neatly with paper, ribbon, and even a bow. It had her name on it.

‘It’s Christmas!’

She smiled, her heart filling with joy, and yet with dread. Why did she feel sick to her stomach? Crouching down, she peered at the box with skepticism. Who would have gotten her something? With a casual shrug of her shoulders, she reached out, and pulled at the ribbon. The paper fell away like it had melted off.

She watched, as the flaps of the lid, fell open. Time seemed to stop, stop long enough for her mind to register why a sense of foreboding had tried to consume her.

A horrible creature leaped at her from the box. The terrible surprise, pushed her off balance, and she fell to the floor. Claws, of a hideous beast, ripped into her pajamas, and sliced her cheek.

She felt pain, and she saw blood. Hyperventilating, she struggled against the creature, fighting it off. She screamed, crying out for help. ‘Get off, get off me. Help, someone help!’

“Usagi!”

A sob tore from her throat, as the claws wrapped around her flailing hands. She was defenseless. She was powerless.

“Usagi, wake up!”

Usagi blinked, her eyes clearing from the murkiness of a nightmare. Someone stood over her, and held her wrists, tightly above her head.

“Usagi?”

Tears pooled in her eyes, and she let a sob bubble out from the back of her throat. The bands around her wrists loosened, before she was let go. It was then; Usagi realized that she was still in bed. Her

sheets, and blankets had been ripped from the bed, and thrown to the floor. She laid in a tangled mess on a bare mattress. Had it only been a terrible nightmare?

She breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that it was over, and hoped she would never dream it again.

“Are you okay?”

Her brows drew together in confusion. What was he doing here? “Draco?” The white haired boy stood over her, his blue eyes barely visible for her to see. Most of his face was bathed in shadows. If she hadn’t recognized his voice, she would have thought he was an assailant, out to get her. “Good you’re awake. You were talking in your sleep.”

Usagi struggled to sit up on the bed, and ended up having to straighten her pajamas before she could do so comfortably. “What are you doing here?”  
How could he have gotten in?

The boy shrugged his shoulders, “I followed you last night. I wanted to talk to you, but you fell asleep. So I thought I’d wait.”

“Talk, talk about what?” He hadn’t answered her question. Or at least the one she had been wondering. How had he gotten in? She watched as he moved away, and turned on a lamp. He turned back to her, his eyes slightly concerned. Draco walked back, so that he stood next to her. “You’re bleeding. You must have scratched yourself.”

Usagi froze. And the dream came crashing around her. She remembered the creature, and how it had ripped into her body. Fearfully, she reached up, and touched her cheek. She drew back her hand, and stared at three of her fingers.

“I don’t feel so good.”



Draco quickly wrapped his arm around her, and dragged her from the bed. With little trouble, he helped her to the adjacent bathroom, and set her down on the toilet seat. "Let me look at it."

She lifted her face so he could see, and as she did so, she noted her reflection in the mirror. Her pajamas had been torn, just like in her dream. Also she saw, three scratches across her cheek. The puncture marks, were encrusted with dried blood. She faintly remembered seeing it once before.

"What about that healing thing you can do?"

"It won't work. It's been days, and they haven't cleared up at all."

"How are you feeling?" She shrugged, "Okay. A little queasy, but I think I'm going to be okay." Draco turned her head, so that she was looking at him and not the mirror. "Are you sure?" He reached for a wet washcloth, and dabbed the wound, cleaning off the blood. "Hai, artigato."

Once he had gotten rid of any traces of blood, he stated, "I have a feeling you're going to have scars." The girl nodded, "I think so to."

"What were you dreaming about?"

Usagi shuddered as she thought back on the nightmare. "It was nothing. I hardly remember it."

Draco frowned, but said anyway, "I see. Well you should probably get back to bed. It's only three in the morning." The blonde agreed, and stood to follow him out of the bathroom. "Draco?" He paused, his back tensed, as he turned to face her. "Yea?" She studied his expression, trying to catch a glimpse of the old Draco. Of the boy she had first met, with a cocky attitude. "What did you want to talk about?"

He turned his back to her, and entered the main bedroom. "It's nothing." Usagi frowned as she followed him to the bed. "It must have been something, if you were going to wait until I was awake. Well I'm awake."

His smirk was mocking, and infuriating at the same time. "Don't worry about it. Lie down, and get some rest. And I'll see you in class. I will, won't I?" She crossed her arms over her chest, a scowl forming on her face. "Of course, you can't get rid of me that easily." She sat down on the bed, but made no move to lie down, like he had ordered. "I'm wide awake, and I forbid you to leave my room, until you tell me what it was that brought you here in the first place. Its not often a boy breaks into my room in the dead of night."

The boy chuckled. "For the record, I didn't break in. You let me in, by not shutting the door behind you." Frowning, she stated, "I don't understand. How did I let you in, I remember the door closing?"

Shaking his head, Draco answered, "You remember me closing the door." A flush spread across the girl's cheek, "You saw me get dressed?" He shrugged, "I have seen a lot more, when you did that transformation yesterday." She scowled, "You eechi no baka!" He smirked, his lips forming that well-known smile. "So, I can't leave until I say what it is I came here for? I think it might be a long night." Rolling her eyes, Usagi replied in a hiss, "Just tell me, so I can kick you out and go back to bed."

"By all means, go to bed. I don't mind watching again." Usagi's face warmed at the comment. "What would you say, if I said I came here because of you?" The girl snorted, "And I would say I didn't believe you. Will you just spill already! What are you, a chicken?"

The boy frowned, "No, I'm not." His blue eyes suddenly burned with a sharp intensity that caused Usagi's heart to stop in her chest. He was looking at her, in a way no one had ever looked at her, and that thought made her tense. The light from the lamp did nothing to calm her racing heart, and jumbled nerves. "D-Draco?"

A faint smile flashed on his handsome face. "You haven't called me by my name in a long time. I kind of missed it." She frowned, what was he talking about? "The last time we talked, you called me by my last name." He had moved closer, shortening the distance between them in a few short strides.

“B-because I’m your sensei. And you’re my student.” He chuckled, his eyes searching her face, “The last time I checked, back then it had been the other way around.” She started at him confused, “Back when? What are you saying Mal-” he cut her off, with a swift shake of his head.

Her frown deepened, why was he acting so strange? He was starting to worry her. “Do you still want to know why I came here?” She wasn’t sure if she cared to know any more.

“I wanted to say, or at least tell you, that I plan to take you away from your fiancé by any means possible. And don’t think I won’t succeed, because I’m pretty good at getting what I want.” Usagi shivered, feeling a brush of cold against her cheek. “I’ve been waiting a long time, and I don’t plan to let you get away again. I won’t make the same mistake twice.” Her breath caught. “Draco, what are you saying? Do- did we know each other? Before...”

He didn’t answer her. Instead he reached out, touching her face, with his hand. Not waiting for her compliance, he leaned in, and kissed her. It was like kissing her the first time all over again. He was hesitant, unsure how far to go.

His hesitation lasted longer than he would have liked. But before he could back out, or make a decision, he felt two arms wrap around his neck. Her body crushed against his, and he groaned against her mouth. He had expected her to slap him, not kiss him back. But that fact that she deepened the kiss, on her own, was satisfactory. This was different from all the other times he had kissed her. He remembered two. He was sure he had only kissed her twice before, but he had wanted to kiss her many more times, than that. Why he hadn’t, boggled him.

He slanted his mouth over hers, tasting her with his tongue. He liked the way she clung to him, her hands moving into his hair. A little sound escaped from her, and it took all his will power, not to throw her on the bed right then and there. So much for a fiancé. It appeared his obstacle wasn’t as difficult as he had thought. But trying to resist the temptation of having her was proving to be difficult. Reluctantly he pulled back, and drew in a ragged breath. How could

they be breathless from such an innocent kiss? What, he wondered, would have happened, if his will power wasn't as strong as it was? He could already feel his strength depleting. On their own accord, his arms tightened around her slender waist. And his fingers itched to tear off the top of her pajamas. Draco shook his head, struggling to get control over his body.

That wasn't what he wanted. He wanted her on her own terms. He wanted her to come to him, when he finally had her. "Usagi."

A small whimper escaped passed her lips. She had yet to open her eyes, and her mouth, had remained closed, formed into an innocent pout. He wondered if she was feeling the same tingling sensation in her lips that he was feeling?

"Hmm."

He smirked; the temptation to kiss her again was strong. He didn't know why he was so drawn to her. Ever since she had been introduced in the Great Halls that first evening, he had felt a connection. And after meeting her face-to-face, he knew, that there was something. He just hadn't noticed it until the other day. They held a past, one neither of them could remember.

"I want you to call me Draco, only you." He reached up, and loosened her fingers from his hair. Kiss her. The order was beating at him, and he almost did, but somehow, he managed to hold himself back. She was as addicting as sugar. She was younger than him, and engaged to another. Before he took her, he would make sure the other man was out of the picture, completely.

"Draco..." she opened her eyes, when he finally pulled away. "Why-"

He moved to the door. He could visit her any time now. Now that he knew the password. "Get some rest; you have a big day still ahead of you." With that, he left the room, closing the doors silently behind him.

A shadow slipped out from the darkened corner, once Draco walked passed it. Staring at the boy's back, the shadow grinned mischievously. Taking the small devise it held with both hands, it

brought it close to its face. With a quick look down the both directions of the hallway, it found itself all alone. Not waiting a moment longer, it whispered, "Eagle one, Phase two is complete."

On the other end, a voice commented, "Roger that Eagle two, good work. Fly back to the nest, we'll start Phase three tomorrow."

The shadow giggled, "Over and out."

Ha!!! There you go. One big sloppy kiss at three a.m. Hehe, and Draco's mission comes to light. So tell me what you think. I found a few questions asked in the last chapter's reviews.

So here are a few answers-

Angel of the White Moon: I've been thinking. I'm not sure, but I have been considering the Quartet. Wouldn't that be interesting, but all together I don't think the others will show. Setsuna very possibly, but the other...I donno. I'll consider it some more.

Fire 15: Well I hope you liked this chapter. As for your question on the couple, it was decided in the first story. Draco/Usagi. As for married, I don't think I could work that in... I donno, I'll consider it though...

Well there was your romance, and I hoped you all enjoyed it. I know I did. Bout gosh darn time they kissed and made up.

Hehe, so any questions, ask away, I'll be happy to answer them.

This LP signing out.

## Chapter eight:

### Equal Adversaries

They just wouldn't go away. No matter how hard she tried, they would just come back. Staring at the mirror helplessly, she felt tears fill her eyes. She had tried using the crystal, had even tried using the bottles from the medical kit under her sink. But nothing worked.

She dropped her head into her awaiting hands. Her elbows were bent, digging into the counter, as her hands clutched her hair. Kami sama! She had never had problems like this. Never!

"Usagi are you okay?" Luna waited outside for her. Probably worried, since her owner had spent half the morning in the bathroom.

After Draco had left, she hadn't been able to sleep. Not with him on her mind. So she had wandered into the bathroom to get dressed. And she hadn't left the room since. In fact she hadn't even gotten ready.

She was a mess. Her pajamas were a sorry excuse of a piece of cloth to protect her from probing eyes. Her hair was in knots, resembling something akin to a rat's nest. But to top it off, the crusted blood, which had trailed down her cheek, made her look pale and sickly. The three slashes were grotesque, with sticky black blood, and red patchy skin underneath.

Draco had been right. She had been right. She was going to have a scar.

Because every time she tried to heal them, the cuts would pierce her skin, and start to bleed anew.

With a sigh, she pocketed her brooch. It was already too late. She was tied to this world. She could feel it. Deep in her heart, she knew that with her being here again, the string strengthened. The cuts, the nightmares, and the girls still missing. And Shingo was another one. There were too many attachments; she didn't know where to begin on severing the ties.

"I'll be out in a minute Luna." Taking the bloody rag, she washed her face for the sixth time that morning. Wiping the blood away, she reached for a towel and dried it. The scabs were healing into a scar. A scar that would mark her for the rest of her life.

"Usagi hime, Haruka and I are going down to eat." Hotaru sounded concerned, but she didn't speak her worries. "Okay Hotaru. I'll be right down."

Seconds passed, before she heard the door to her room shut. Outside the bathroom door was silence, a barren room, save for maybe one cat sleeping soundly on her bed. Artimis.

Taking the medical kit, she searched for something to hide the hideous cuts. Finding something that slightly reminded her of a Band-Aid, she taped it to her cheek. She inspected herself in the mirror, and frowned.

It had been years since she last wore a Band-Aid. Luna would get suspicious.

Looking at the bag on the floor near her feet, she bent down. Pulling out soft blue fabric, she set it down on the toilet seat. Next, she stripped from her pajamas, and tossed them into the trash. She would have to ask Setsuna to get her a second pair from home. Quickly she dressed, in the fresh robes, and tied a sash around her waist. She was starting to like how the cloth fit loose around her. It was mostly a throw over, like all of her other outfits with short feathery sleeves, and a v-neck. The cloth was huge on her, without the sash to pull it tight to her waist. The rest of it fell to her ankles in jagged uneven ends.

Her hair was a mess, but she took a brush to it, and in a matter of minutes tamed the knots. With steady hands she pulled her hair into the usual, before she left the bathroom.

She would have to go to her classes soon. Entering her room, she found that her assumptions had been correct. It was empty, save for Artimis who snored underneath her covers.

Moving quietly, so that she didn't wake him, she moved to the door. She pushed it open, and slipped out, without making a sound. Out in the hall, she walked freely, working her way down to the Great Hall below.

She would have preferred to go to her classroom and eat. But her friends would get suspicious if she didn't arrive. She didn't want them to think there was something wrong. Because there wasn't.

Usagi pushed the grand doors open, and slipped into the Great Hall. The doors shut silently behind her, and she slowly made her way to the front of the room. She was very aware of the looks she received, and the whispering all around her.

Rounding the table, she walked to her chair, and took a seat next to Albus. He had been talking with Professor McGonagall, when she had arrived.

He turned to her, his eyes twinkling, but the smile on his face vanished. "What happened?" His blue eyes glanced at the bandage, before he looked her in the eye. "I, err-" she fumbled for an excuse, and hoped a simple lie might bail her out just this once. "I fell."

His silvery brows lifted at her answer. "You fell?" He sounded unconvinced, but she nodded sticking to her story. He frowned, "You should have Poppy look at that."

Usagi shook her head, drawing back in her seat. "lie, it's okay. I'm using it as a harsh reminder that I can't walk and chew gum at the same time." Albus looked at her strangely, but didn't comment. Thankful that he had turned away, she turned to her plate of food, and started to eat. During her whole meal, she struggled to ignore the looks the student body was giving her.

"Professor Snape?" After breakfast, the blonde hesitantly approached the potion master. It was the only man she really hadn't met, so she had to assume that he was the same man Harry hated.

Disliked, not hate, disliked.



She had, on several accounts, been warned of this man. Why, she could only chalk up as to the nasty snarl he presented her with, as a greeting. Ron had tried to tell her, that this man was not one to talk to. Especially since she had the very job he had been wanting for years.

He was looking down the length of his hooked nose, to stare at her. His black eyes, reminded her of the crows Rei had at the shrine. Shiny black marbles, that threatening her with a terrible demise. She did not like Rei's pet birds. Not one bit.

Forcing a smile, she blocked out the sneer that twisted his thin lips. "Um, gomen, I just-" she stuttered, her voice dieing in her throat. "And why is that Miss Tsukino? Professor Dumbledore is a very busy man, he shouldn't be bothered with petty things."

"What?" She frowned slightly, her head starting to ache. Had he said something?

Shaking her head to clear it, she continued, "I don't mean to bother you Professor Snape, but I was wondering if I could-" he was just staring at her, as if he was trying to place her face. Embarrassed, she looked away from him, as her cheeks started to burn. Why was he just staring at her?

"What I don't understand is, is it either your avoiding Mr. Potter and Mr. Malfoy, or avoiding everyone all together?" Usagi turned back to the older man with a frown. Avoiding people? How would he know if she was trying to avoid anyone? "I'm not avoiding anyone." Her blue eyes narrowed at the taller man, her smile dropping into a scowl.

"Spoken like a true Slytherin."

"Excuse me?" The blonde rubbed her forehead, as it started to pound. "I wish you would stop interrupting me."

"I haven't said a thing Tsukino. You're the one who is having a one sided conversation." He had taken a step back, his eyes finally finished with assessing her. Usagi looked at him, "But I..." She

groaned out loud, and she reached up to massage her temples. Why was her head hurting so much?

"Are you okay, Tsukino?"

"Do you know what they say, when I leave the room, do you hear them talking when I lay in my bed and close my eyes. Do you understand, what I go through day in and day out, night after night, listening to them?"

She shook her head, nausea sweeping over her. "I- I think I need to sit down." She staggered to the table closest to her, and fell into a familiar seat. "Well, it's not like I have a choice. Professor Snape asked me to tutor you, so I'm going to tutor you. End of discussion."

Usagi looked at the empty seat across from her. She had expected to see someone there, someone she should know. Suddenly a body dressed in filthy black robes slid into the seat on the other side of the table. Not whom she expected, but it was someone nonetheless. Looking up at the greasy haired Professor, she blinked. "Take some of this."

He reached into his pocket, and pulled out a vile containing some green liquid. He slid it towards her, and she stared at it with a frown. Slowly she shook her head, "Err, iie that's okay." She pushed it away from her.

Snape nodded, and took the vile back, and put it away. "What was it, you wanted to talk to me about?" She blinked, and looked back at him. Was he actually being nice to her?

The headache was subsiding, leaving her with only the rising bile left in her throat. But at least she wasn't hearing voices in her head anymore. "Just a few questions, if you don't mind." He looked away, his eyes staring at nothing in particular. "We have some time."

Usagi tried to find what he was staring at so intently, but whatever it was, only he could see it. "How much do you remember of the year, two years ago?" She was looking at him directly, waiting ever so patiently for an answer. She feared he would be the same. That

there wouldn't be any answers to her questions, just another dead end.

"Most of it, why?" Slowly his eyes moved to her, as his lips formed a frown. Relief washed over her, and quickly she asked, "Do you remember a girl, who went missing, that year?"

The older man scowled, his eyes slightly narrowed in annoyance. "Several girls went missing that year Tsukino. But I'm assuming you want to ask me questions about the one who has your name?"

She eagerly nodded, and unconsciously leaned forward. She propped her face in her hands, and asked, "Could you- would you tell me everything you remember?"

The potion master looked mildly surprised by her curiosity, about something that had happened two years ago. "Are you saying, you don't remember anything that happened?" The blonde frowned, her eyebrows drawing together. "I-"

Snape sighed heavily, and ran his hand across his face, as if he could wipe away the hint of emotions he had just displayed. "A girl came here to find out about her parents. Some of it is vague, but I remember a few things that did involve the girl." He paused, his head slightly tilted in thought. After a minute of silence, he continued, "She was a Slytherin, the worst one I have ever come across. I never believed she belonged in that house. As everyone liked to quote, she was too pure to be a Slytherin.

I remember a few encounters with her. Most involved her losing points for some reason or another. Always late to classes, and her homework half finished."

Usagi flushed, and ducked her head to hide her embarrassment. The professor didn't seem to notice her discomfort, because he continued his rambling, talking as if he was really only speaking to himself. Like he was recalling a distant memory.

"She was the oldest first year, but she had been placed in advanced classes-" He stopped abruptly, his thick brows brought together with a

scowl. "It's getting late Tsukino, you should go to your class, while I should go to mine." So that was all he knew.

She sighed, her heart plummeting to her feet. She had been hoping there would be more.

"I have a pensive in my office. When you have time, stop by, and we'll see how much more I remember." Hope blossomed in her chest, "Really?" At his nod, Usagi squealed, and threw herself across the table at him. Snape stiffened at the hug, "Tsukino, such an act is not permitted."

Usagi's face turned several shades of red, as she pulled away, "Gomen. I-I just got carried away." Scrambling from the bench seat, she bowed to the older Professor. "Domo artigato Professor Snape." She fidgeted at her end of the table. Excitement seemed to course through her body, making her jittery. Unable to comply with his last statement, she ran around the table, and hugged the older man again. His stiffen response didn't go unnoticed, but slightly ignored. Giving him one good squeeze, before letting him go, she pulled away.

Not giving him the chance to reprimand her, she raced to the front doors, only pausing for a brief second, "Talk to you later!"

And then she was out the door, heading to her first class.

Cracking her knuckles, Usagi stalked to the front of the classroom. It was a fresh new month. November, finally the year was getting somewhere. Soon it would be Christmas. She couldn't wait. The snow, the cold, and all the songs. All of it, it was enough to make her glow for the remaining wait of two months till the wonderful holiday arrived.

Grinning madly at the faces that stared back at her, she stated, "Alright class, today we are going to have a pop quiz!" She was in a bubbly mood. More bubbly now, than she had ever been all year. But the fact that in her whole class each and every student, in all of her classes, were doing wonderful, was enough to make anyone happy. She was actually getting through to them. And to top it off,

she had formed a small club after dinner. Much to Draco's dissatisfaction. Ha!

She couldn't have been more pleased with herself. That should teach him for sneaking into her room at nights. She would need to find out how to change her password. She had forgotten, thinking she wouldn't have to.

"Oh don't give me that look!" She glared at the whole room, her eyes moving over each face. Blue clashed with blue. Flustered, Usagi whirled around, unable to hide the heat rising up her neck, and warming her cheeks. Inconsiderate!

He was not helping in any shape or form.

Composing herself, she turned back around. "How bout we make it an oral test. I'll call on you and ask you a question. Hai, hai I know we just took a test." She frowned, when everyone groaned, their eyes might as well have looked like puppy eyes. Usagi felt her left eye begin to twitch.

"Don't do that!" Her bottom lip began to tremble. The last time she had tried to give the class a quiz, they had pulled this on her. In the end, they won.  
Damn them all!

They were as good as she was, at getting what they wanted. How rude! Sucking in a deep breath, she fought for supremacy. You had to show them whose boss, Hagrid said...

Yea... right.

Letting out the air she had been holding in, she asked, "Ah Mr. Weasley, can you tell me a spell, one we have gone over that can disarm your opponent. And if so, tell me what else can it to?" Her blue eyes fell onto the red haired boy. She smiled, hoping to ease the boy's anxiety. He was such a good person, that on her first face-to-face meeting with him, she had liked him. He was just radiating with innocent, and protectiveness towards his friends. Something she respected deeply.

“Err...” the boy blushed, his face nearly matching his hair. Why did every boy in this class get so flustered when she talked to them? She had tried to talk to Potter the other day, about his experience. She was kind of hoping for lessons... that hadn't been the thing to do, she figured after the boy started spluttering incoherently.

From behind the red haired boy someone muttered, “Answer the question Weasel, or is it too difficult for you.” Even though she had been deep in her thoughts, the familiar voice drug her out instantly. “Mr. Malfoy!” She shot the white haired boy a seething look, which he only returned. He absolutely hated it when she called him by his last name.

She didn't see why. She called everyone else by their last name; why should he be special?

She could have taken points from him, but so far she was the only teacher who had yet to mark anyone off. It hadn't helped that she had just found out a few days ago about the whole point thing. Because of that, she had yet to make an enemy of any of her students, much to her relief.

And most of all, she planned to keep it that way. She knew of more productive punishments. Ones she couldn't wait to pull on her brother back home. And some good congratulations, like lollypops, bubble gum, or even doughnuts. The kids seemed to like her method, just as much.

The thought of her younger brother quickly brought her back to her first thoughts. Christmas was coming, and soon, she could see her family. Or so she hoped. She hadn't heard anything from Setsuna. Not since the day she was given a broom and sent out of her room.

Giving the boy another glare, she turned her frown into a smile when she looked at Ronald Weasley. He was finally answering her question.

“The spell is Accio.” He hesitated, his eyes looking at her. At her nod, he added, “You can use it to bring things to you, as long as you know

where the object you want is located.” Usagi grinned, “Hai, that’s correct!” Reaching into her subspace pocket, she produced a blow pop, and gave it to him, as a reward.

Turning from him, she inspected the room. Catching sight of Neville Longbottom, her smile broadened. “Tell me, Mr. Longbottom, what spell casts objects away from you?” If he didn’t know, then Usagi would have called herself a failure. The past few days had been strenuous. But her small little group, consisting of seven kids, had appeared to be doing well. But if Neville was unable to answer this question, when just last night, he had practically thrown her out the window...

The round-faced boy brightened, his cheeks stained slightly with a flush, “A banishing charm.”

Her smile was radiant. There had been no hesitation, no questioning in his answer. “Correct!” Her spirit was soaring. Things couldn’t have been better. Pulling out two suckers, she gave both to him, with a wink. She was so proud. “All right, last question, because you’re all a bunch of good kids.” She winked, knowing that most of them were older than her. But it was fun to pretend otherwise, some of the times...

“Can anyone tell me, the functions of a rubber ducky?” Stunned silence greeted her, much to her dismay. This was her easiest question!

“No one?” She looked at each face. Most were confused, while the rest were bewildered. No one knew if she was being serious or what. Well this would not do, no, not at all. “Okay then. For your assignment tonight, write a page on anything you can find on a Rubber ducky.”

She was grinning at the skepticism that greeted her. “I’m not joking.” The door to her room opened, and she looked up. “Hoto-chan!”

The dark haired girl eyed the class; “You’ve stunned them into silence, Usagi-mama.” The child skipped to the front of the room. Since that day in the Great Halls, she hadn’t changed out of her Senshi form, so

Sailor Saturn stood before the class with a wide grin on her face. "What did you do?"

The blonde shrugged. "None of them knew what a rubber ducky was. So I assigned them homework." Glancing around, she crouched to the girl's size, and whispered, "I think they're in shock."

Hotaru giggled, just as the door opened again. "Ah, Miss Usagi. I see you have things quite under control." The Headmaster stood in the doorway, his eyes moving over the speechless students. "I don't think I have ever seen a classroom so quiet." His eyes twinkled behind his glasses. "Oh yes, Miss Usagi, can I speak with you?"

Nodding, Usagi hurried out of the room, only to pause. Leaning back in, she said, "Hoto-chan take over while I'm gone. Don't give them any slack." With a wink she disappeared, leaving the dark haired senshi with the class.

Hotaru grinned as she bobbed her eyebrows, "Anyone want to see my glaive?" There was a brief pass of silence, before every hand in the room shot up.

"Miss Usagi, I presume you know about the Quidditch game this Saturday?"

Taking her eyes from the paintings they passed she asked, "You mean tomorrow?" At his nod, she asked another question, "Quidditch, what's that?" The name sounded familiar. But she wasn't sure what it was. "Hey Usagi are you going to the Quidditch game that's coming up in a couple of weeks?"

"It's a sport we have that is played on broomsticks." He paused in front of a painting, the usual twinkle in his eyes dimming. "You should probably study as much as you can."

She didn't see why, it wasn't like she was ever going to play. She couldn't even play volleyball without nearly getting killed. Flying on a broom, and trying to play a game would be suicide. "Why?" The headmaster turned towards her, and she caught a hint of the twinkle in his eyes again. What was he up to, now?



She had come to find out over the weeks, that the look he was giving her wasn't always a good one. He had been looking like this when he had dropped the news of her position. And when she had been attacked in the music room. Nothing good ever came out of that look.

"Well because you're signed up to referee the game tomorrow."

There was a split second of dumbfounded silence, before...

"WHAT?!?!?"

How cruel and unusual this was. One day, one day to learn all that she could to referee a game. Damn Albus, and his scheming plans!

She was getting sick and tired of being a rag doll, to anyone who wanted to play. Albus was getting a kick out of her torment, she was sure of it. First Pluto, now Albus. Was she ever going to get away from all these old wise asses? How old are they anyway? At least over 1,000 maybe even older.

Looking up from the book she had been studying, she sighed. She could feel another headache forming. She was not cut out to spend hours in front of a book reading. But that was what she was doing. Instead of tending to her teaching duties, she was in the library, reading every book about Quidditch.

Every once and a while she caught herself dozing, and dreaming of the perfect murder of a certain old wizard. What a tantalizing thought...

"Need a break?"

She wasn't startled, which worried her. He had practically snuck up on her, while she had been studying the book, but for some reason, she had known the second he approached her. She had known who he was even before she had heard his voice.

Turning around in her seat, she gave Draco Malfoy a curious look. "Like I have time for a break. I have-" She looked down at her pink

wristwatch, and counted the hours she had left, on her other hand. "About sixteen hours to stuff as much of this-" she waved her hand to the stacks of book, "into my brain." She tapped the side of her head to emphasize her point, before turning back to her work.

Turning the page, she studied the picture. And when she didn't quite grasp what it was trying to show her, she read the information beneath it. "Maybe I can help."

Usagi frowned, and stared at him incredulously. "Like how? I'm doing all I can, I don't think if you start reading that it's going to help much." He chuckled, the corner of his mouth lifting into a half smile. "Come on, follow me." Without waiting, he took hold of her hand, and pulled her from the chair.

Stumbling, she was forced to follow. "Draco, what are you doing?" Heat graced her cheeks, when the librarian looked at her strangely. "Err, Malfoy, let go!" He was going to get her fired, if he kept this up. Wasn't it illegal for a student to boss his professor around?

Down the hallways they went, and down the stairs they go. "Where are you taking me? I said I don't have time for a break. I want to be able to go to bed sometime tonight!"

The white haired Prefect chuckled, and he looked at her from over his shoulder. "Relax Usagi."

She did... just the opposite.

"Argh, Draco-kun let me go! You can't do this! I will scream if you don't let go!" He must have not heard her, because the next thing she knew, he was pulling the front doors open, and they were standing outside the castle.

"Err, Draco?"

She was dragging her feet, as he lugged her across the green grass to some unknown destination. He pulled her in between two tower-like structures and into a large clearing. "Where?" Her eyed moved across the field, to one end, then to the other. "Is this- is this, the..."

she racked her brain for the name she had just learned from a book she had been reading.

“Uh, a Quidditch pitch?” At his nod, she asked, “why did you take me here?” He let her go, and took a step further into the clearing. Holding up his hand, he called out, “Accio brooms.”

A single golden eyebrow lifted, “Err Draco, I don’t have time, to tutor you. I told the others, just as I did with you. I have to work!” A sound behind her, made her turn.

With a yelp she dove out of the way, narrowly missing from getting thwacked by two flying brooms. Rolling over, she sat on the grass, and glared at the only other person within range of her anger. She was not in the mood. Couldn’t people just take a hint?

Draco held out a broom towards her. “You’re not going to learn anything from reading those books. So I’m going to teach you.”

She stared at him, in wonder. He was going to help her? “Why?” He shrugged casually, “Returning the favor.” Usagi climbed to her feet, and took the broom held out to her. “Uh huh.”

She watched him closely, as he climbed onto his broom, and kicked up off the ground. Her eyes followed him up into the air, stopping about thirty feet above her. Sighing, she looked down at the broom she was holding. Swinging her leg over the side of it, she mounted a broom for the second time in her life. Kicking the ground, she felt herself rise.

Letting a minute pass, she opened her eyes, and looked down. She was hardly a few feet off the ground, but it was plenty high for her. She liked having her feet on the ground. Riding a broom was a lot different than flying with wings.

She inhaled deeply, and let it out slowly. She had sixteen hours to learn all she could before the game tomorrow morning. Lifting her head, she stared up at the boy flying above her. Pulling just a bit on her broom, she rose higher and higher.

Within seconds, she reached him, nauseous, and her heart ramming against her rib cage. "Okay, we'll do a little one on one."

"Wha-what?" She stared at him dubiously. "I can't play!" She was going to die, she was going to fall off her broom, and die.

The older boy shook his head, "Stop whining. It's not that hard, just remember I'm here to help you."

Saturday came all too early; Usagi couldn't help but think. Yesterday, she had stayed out till well past midnight with Draco. Over and over again, they practiced, and more and more she learned. She didn't have what it took to be a participant, but she at least knew the rules.

So after waking, to the insistent yells, and scratching of her two lovable cats, she got up at seven in the morning. Got ready for the day in the charitable clothes, Setsuna had packed for her, even though, as she had slipped into the pink throw over, she was missing her skirts, and sweaters. Sure the robes were the in thing now a days, she would rather be flying around in the air with sweats, and a turtleneck. Maybe even her bunny pajamas. Anything warm, and that covered more...

By eight o'clock, Usagi was in the Great Halls, stuffing down as much food as she could grab. Having missed all the essential meals the day before, she was starving. That included, Lunch, snack, snack, Dinner, and snack...

An hour later, Usagi reluctantly found herself standing once again in the middle of the Quidditch pitch. Slowly she turned around, and studied her surroundings. It was much easier to see in the daylight, and the weather wasn't half bad. Just slightly breezy, but not enough to send anyone off course.

Her fingers tightened around the handle of her broom, the one Setsuna had given her. The crowd was just starting to show up. How nauseating. She was going to have to work with this big of a crowd? She could handle twelve kids in a classroom. But the whole school?!?!

Swaying, just ever so slightly, she had to use her broom to keep herself up on her feet. Rei could do something like this. She could perform for a crowd. Her on the other hand, would prefer to watch, not play, but watch.

She watched as the crowd found their seats, each house in their own section. Her eyes moved across the field to the changing rooms. The Slytherin team was coming out, and she listened as only one quarter of the crowd cheered. The boos, that echoed were loud enough to drown out any cheers for the team. A little to her right, from another changing room, students in red robes started to come out. The Gryffindors were walking towards her.

How wonderful. Maybe I can feign sick, and get out of this damn mess.

The crowd roared for the team in red, their applause and shouts booming all around her, and making her head spin. She could see trouble by just looking at the teams that were walking towards her. This had to be a mistake. Who in their right mind would put Harry and Draco on the opposite teams? Let alone, as captains of those two teams? It was bad enough they were trying to murder the other in her class. But competing against each other, now, that was just absurd.

Turning from one group to the next she sighed. Yep, this was a mistake waiting to happen.

The two teams stopped next to her, each glaring at the other. Laughing nervously, she looked down at the box she was supposed to open. A bludger had nearly killed her last night, when it had tried to hit her from behind. Luckily, Draco had been paying attention. She was not looking forward to dodging them again.

Kneeling down, she flipped the latches, but held the lid close. "Okay, shake hands." She watched closely as Harry held out his hand, and Draco reluctantly took it. She frowned as they hastily pulled away, and wiped their hands down the length of their robes. "Are you two afraid of cooties?" She looked from one to the other and smirked.

“Now, I expect a nice clean game. None of that stuff you pulled on me last night.” She shot Draco a look.

The white haired boy delicately rolled his shoulder as if to throw off her warning. Still frowning, she ordered, “Then, mount your brooms.” She waited till they were all ready. Taking her whistle in one hand, she blew it, to signal the start of the game. With one quick movement, she jumped back from the box, and the balls were released.

Mounting her own broom, she kicked up off the ground, and the game began.

Keeping her eyes on the game wasn’t as hard as she had believed it would be. But keeping an eye on all the players was turning out to be a real chore. And to makes things worst, she had only nearly fallen off her broom, three times, since the game started. But that was because of a foul Crabbe had pulled. He had hit a bludger towards the crowd to stop the Gryffindors from scoring. She had been so mad; she had nearly fallen off her broom three times, as she cursed at the boy. The Slytherin team was turning out to be a brutal advisory for the Gryffindors.

Leaning a little to the right, she circled the field, her eyes flying about. “And its Blaise with the Quaffle, Blaise, the newest Chaser on the Serpent team-” there was a hesitation on the announcers part, “Sorry McGonagall, sure I meant to say Slytherin.”

Usagi spared a glanced to the stands, where the teachers all sat. She was too far away to make out the broadcaster, who was announcing the game. The voice was loud enough for her to hear on the very far end of the field. Strange how it sounded all too familiar.

“Blaise pitches to- oh and Weasley got the Quaffle. Ginny, Weasley, intercepted the toss, that’s my girl!” The crowd roared, and Usagi turned her broom around to follow the red haired chaser. She was the smallest one out on the field, but the quickest.

Crabbe and Goyle tried hitting the bludgers in her direction, but she weaved in and out of them beautifully. Come on, Ginny.

“She’s going, going, come on Ginny!” The announcer was hitting the table in front of her, shouting with the crowd. Usagi slid her broom to a stop, and waited anxiously.

“She shoots- she scores! Ginny scores another for the Gryfindors! All right Ginny girl!” The announcer was all but jumping about the stands in delight.

Usagi grinned, as she pulled back. The keeper threw the Quaffle back in, and resumed defending his goals. “Harry Potter takes a startled dive! Is it the snitch?!?!?” The announcer leaned over the stadium wall, to see. “Miss Vesius, please refrain yourself!” Professor McGonagall was trying to pull the green haired girl back up into the stands, before she fell the fifty-foot drop.

Turning on her broom, Usagi directed her eyes to the red blur flying to the field below. Her breath caught. What was he doing?!?!?

To her horror, she watched as Draco chased after the black haired boy. They’re going to be killed! Suddenly Harry pulled hard on his broom, and shot off to the right. His broom went upside down, but his body made no move to fall off. Slowly he spun, the broom righting itself. Draco shot after him, his broom almost not fast enough, to keep up.

“Nott has the Quaffle, he avoids a flying bludger, dodges another. Come on Gryffindors knock him off his broom!” The announcer stomped her foot, “Come on Ginny. Go Dean, Go! Dean Thomas and Ginny Weasley are closing in on the Slippery snake as he makes his way down the field!”

Usagi shook her head in amusement, but her eyes weren’t on the three chasers. Her eyes followed the two boys as they weaved their way around the field, chasing the tiny golden snitch. It was a surprise that she could actually see the thing. Maybe that had to do with last night, after chasing it for a good two hours. Trying to find that thing in the dark was the most difficult thing she had ever done in her life.

“Block it Ron, block it! You miss this damn ball, and I’ll...” the announcer was cut off, “Vesius!” Not the least bit dampened by the reprimanding voice of the Gryffindor’s head of house, Vesius screamed, “He blocked it! Weasley- Ronald Weasley blocked a shot from slippery Nott! YES!” She hardly heard the shouts and applause from the crowd. She barely even heard the announcer squealing loud enough for the people in Japan to hear her.

Usagi felt her heart lurch in her chest. She knew what happened a second before it did. Harry was close to the snitch; his hand was about to grab it, when Draco grabbed the tail of the boy’s broom.

No!

On instinct, her hand flew to her side, and she pulled out her brooch, that she had talked herself into bringing with her. The whole time, she watched as Harry’s Firebolt, abruptly stopped, and the boy flew out over the end of his broom.

Usagi lifted her brooch, and shouted, “Moon Eternal Make-up!” Even as she transformed, she was already leaping from her broom. Her body dropped, and the crowd screamed. Her wings took form on her back, and the wind gave her power. Rising, she flew through the air, the ribbons around her naked form slowly transforming into her uniform.

She brushed passed Draco, nearly running into him as she soared through the air to catch the falling boy. Her arms stretched out, just as her gloves formed. Gritting her teeth, she focused her strength into her wings, giving them power from the silver crystal.

Blue eyes darkened, as a crescent moon flashed across her forehead. Just as the brooch flared, signaling the end of her transformation, her body rammed against Harry’s. On cue, her arms wrapped around him, and she used the crystal to give her the power to protect them both.

“Did you see that? She caught him in the air. Go Professor- No! Malfoy caught the snitch, the games over; the Snakes win...” the crowd was eerily silent, as Usagi touched ground, her feet landing



heavily on the grass. She stumbled, the boy's weight too much for her.

Dropping to her knees, she gasped, her heart beating harshly in her chest. Even though they were safely on the ground, she didn't let the boy go. Her arms tightened around his waist, and she struggled to compose herself. "Harry- are you okay?"

She lifted her head to look up at him. He was flushed, and slightly dazed, but fully alive. Slowly he nodded, "You- saved me." Hugging him, she confessed, "Oh, thank kami-sama you're okay." Finally, she let him go, and fell back to sit on her legs.

"What are you?" He was staring at her wings in awe. Flushing, she replied, "I'm Sailor Moon. I protect my home from the bad guys."

"Is everyone okay?" Usagi looked over to see Dumbledore, and the other teachers coming towards them. "Hai." The group looked at her oddly, noting her new clothes. Reaching up, she touched her brooch, and the transformation faded, leaving her in her robes.

Climbing to her feet, she dusted herself off, as the players arrived at the scene. "Harry, are you all right?" Ginny reached him first, then Ron.

Usagi frowned as Draco sauntered up towards them. "Bakayaro!" Her blue eyes narrowed, and not caring who saw, or heard, she stalked towards him. Meeting him halfway, she lifted her hand, and slapped him hard across the face. "You could have killed him. How dare you! You-you..." tears rushed to her eyes, and she slapped the stunned white haired boy for the second time.

"I never want to see your face again, ever. I- I hate you!" Whirling around she ran off, leaving a bewildered group of adults behind her.

Usagi entered her room, and slammed the door shut. "There, he won't ever be able to come in here again. I never want to see that kono yaro ever again." Still peeved, she wrenched the door open, and slammed again, hoping to take her anger out on anything available.

Anger was still beating down on her, by the time she had slammed the door a fifth time, that she sunk to the floor, and beat her fists against the carpet. "He could have killed him. How could he do such a thing, to endanger another life? For what? A stupid game!"

Sobs tore from her throat, and she punched the floor again, her anger pulsing. Pitifully, her fingers latched onto the carpet, as she heaved. Her heart contracted, tearing in two. Why was she so upset?

A knock at her door startled her from her weeping. Not bothering to look up, she shouted, "Go away Malfoy baka!" Another knock had her jumping to her feet, and storming to the door. Throwing it open, she shouted, "Go away!" Her eyes were murderous as they looked at him. But then he didn't look too happy either.

"You humiliated me in front of the whole school." His eyes narrowed, and his lips formed a scowl. Outraged by his words, she pushed him back from her doorway. "I will do a lot more than that, if I ever see you again. Tell Dumbledore I quit! I refuse to teach kono yaros like you!" She slammed the door, before he could even say another word.

Pivoting on her feet, she stomped to her dresser, and threw open the drawers. Grabbing a handful of her clothes, she stormed to her bed. Dropping the pile, she fell to her knees, and pulled out her trunk. She flipped the locks, just as the door to her room opened.

Startled, since she had just changed the password, she looked over from where she was dumping her clothes into her open trunk. "What do you think you're doing!?" Supposedly the password changing wasn't immediate.

Malfoy was glowering at her, and was holding his wand tightly in his right hand. "Don't you ever slam that door in my face, again. Do you hear me?" Usagi clenched her teeth; her eyes blazing with barely contained rage. She had never been so angry in her life. How dare he! How dare he come in here, when she had thrown him out!

"I told you to get out!" Standing, she tore off one of her shoes, and threw it at him. "I said, get out!" When he only dodged it, she

grabbed her clothes, and started chucking the garments at him, not caring what she hit him with. "Will you stop it?!"

"lie, I won't stop! You have no right, injuring someone else. You could have killed Harry!"

"Oh, so now you call him by his first name, but not me?" He was red in the face, his body shaking with anger. Usagi couldn't believe her ears. He was upset over names!

"Have you lost your mind? That has nothing to do with this! You purposely fouled him, by grabbing his broom. Don't you care at all about anyone, other than yourself?" she might as well have been screaming at a wall.

When he didn't give her an answer, she let out a strangled cry, and searched for something else to chuck at him. If she had the strength she would have thrown the bed, the dresser, and the trunk. Anything she could get her hands on. Wrenching her other shoe off her foot, she readied to throw it, when another person entered her room.

"I see I have come at a bad time." Dumbledore moved to leave, but paused, when Usagi dropped the shoe. "lie, you came just in time. I quit! Got that Albus, you can find yourself another teacher and pull their strings. I'm sick and tired of this. I want to go home, I want to see my friends, and I don't ever want to hear about Hogwarts again!"

"Is that all you care about, yourself." Draco was giving her a heated look, which she only returned, and just as darkly. "Don't you go there. I'm sick and tired of meeting people like you. I have a fiancée, I have a family. None of that includes you or this school. I could be protecting my home, instead of standing here, dealing with people like you."

"Is that so." For some strange reason he was eerily calm, his eyes like blocks of ice. "Then go. We don't need crybabies like you, here. We get enough of those from the mudbloods." He whipped around and stalked away, pushing pass another figure that entered her room.

Usagi pushed back the sudden pain that spiked through her heart. She was supposed to be happy now that he had finally left. Turning, she struggled to hold back her tears. She busied herself with repacking her belongings, just to block the stinging pain from his harsh words. "Koneko chan what are you doing?"

"Don't bother me Haruka. I'm going home, I've had enough." Standing she moved to her dresser, and grabbed another handful of her robes, and carried them back to the trunk. "Usagi, Setsuna isn't going to let you come back, without finishing the year here."

She paused, and looked at the taller woman. "Then, I'll go somewhere else. I refuse to stay here any longer." The blonde woman looked a little loss for words. "What did I miss? Why are you crying?"

Usagi sighed, her eyes falling to her stuffed trunk. "I don't know what's wrong." The dam broke, and the flood of tears started to fall. "Oh, koneko." Arms wrapped around her, and Usagi leaned into the comfort of her friend. "I hate him, I have to hate him Haruka."

"Shh... it's going to be okay. Come on, let's go down to the kitchen and get a bite to eat. You can tell me all about it on the way."

Numbly the smaller girl nodded, and followed her fellow senshi out of the room, leaving Dumbledore to his scheming thoughts.

A lone figure walked the halls of the many corridor of the Hogwarts School. It was relatively quiet for being middle of the day. The only sound was the steady breathing of one person, and the rhythm of the heels against the marble floor.

The mission was getting harder, much to the figures chagrin. It was supposed to be simple and smooth. Or so the Boss had told them. So much for that idea.

So here it was, going to plan B. The cheesy way of getting what the Boss wanted. Up ahead, the figure glimpsed its target. A malicious grin formed, as the figure's steps quickened. Turning the corner, the

figure hesitated. Its eyes darted around, until a door opened, and the target stepped out. Maybe things won't be so hard after all.

A crackling sound deafened the silence, and the target paused to look down the hallway. When the sound didn't repeat, the target continued on its way, not knowing that it was being followed.

"This is eagle two. Target is in sight." The figure paused, pressing its back to the wall, as the target stopped again. The target wasn't looking like himself, he almost looked tormented. Which was why the mission had been botched. If the guy would just apologize, or maybe thought about things before acting, the figure wouldn't have been in this predicament.

"This is Eagle three, I have target two heading west." The figure froze, "Hold up, hold up, you're coming too fast." Static met the figure's ears, and it cursed beneath its breath.

Looking around, it searched for some kind of plan. The target was heading east, the two not intended to meet like this, were going to meet. Not if I can help it.

The figure bolted into action, running down the hallway. The target hearing the figure's fast approach turned to investigate but wasn't quick enough. The figure shoved the boy into a door nearby. "What the bloody hell?" Getting the door open, the figure pushed the target into the room, and slammed the door shut.

The door locked, with a silent click.

Usagi looked up ahead, as she and Haruka turned the corner. They were in an empty hallway, but she could have sworn she heard someone shout.

"Haruka, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" The taller woman glanced around, taking a step forward. Usagi frowned, was she hearing things? Or had she really heard someone shout, and then a door slam? Maybe she was still too stressed, and her mind was playing tricks on her?

Before she could answer the older woman, and confess that maybe it had just been in her head, she was shoved against a door. A startled gasp escaped her, as the door beneath her opened, and she stumbled into a dark room. Before she could even turn the only light, which came from the open door snuffed out, when the door slammed shut.

With a yell, she threw herself against the plank of wood, and beat against it. "Haruka!"

"Haruka! What's going on?" She tried the knob but found it locked. "I'm locked in here!!! Haruka this isn't funny!"

She beat against the door with her fists, hoping someone would hear her. When nothing answered her, she stopped to catch her breath. Her hands were sore from pounding so hard, and her heart was skipping in her chest. She hated the dark. She couldn't see a thing, not even the door, which was right in front of her. "I hate the dark." She shivered, and she crossed her arms over her chest.

Light flooded the room, nearly blinding her. It wasn't an overhead light, but kind of like a candle glowing from behind her. Usagi froze, as she heard the sound of breathing from behind her.

She wasn't alone.

"Hello Usagi."

Well there you go, another chapter. I would like to say, thanks to my pre-reader, this chap got out quicker, than it would have, without her help. And for all of her ideas, that helped build this chapter. So thank you Hikari, for all your help, and ideas. You're the greatest.

Then to my reviewers, I love you all, thank you for the wonderful reviews, and I await to hear more from you. I hope this story is to your satisfaction.

Now I will go, and write more, so you won't have to wait forever to find out what will happen next.

Till then...

LP

## Chapter nine:

### Twenty-four Hour Dilemma

Haruka nodded her head in approval, as she studied the empty hallway. There wasn't a single person within earshot to hear the cries and banging from the closed door. Albus was true to his word. No one would be coming this way.

"Are you sure we're doing the right thing Haruka-papa?" The smaller girl was clutching her glaive with both hands. Reaching down the taller woman touched the girl's hair affectionately, "Hai, it's foolproof. Don't you worry."

The smaller girl sighed, her eyes straying to the closed door. The banging had finally stopped. Either Usagi had realized that no one was out here, willing to let her out that is, or she had found her closet companion.

Suddenly realization dawned on her, and slowly she lifted her head to look up at the taller woman. "Um...Haruka papa?"

Just slightly distracted, the blonde haired woman replied, "Hmm?"

A frown creased Hotaru's brow. Her violet eyes studied the woman standing next to her. "Where's Usagi-mama's brooch?"

Haruka frowned suddenly, her brow drawing together in slight confusion. Turning to her companion, she asked, "Brooch?" Hotaru felt her jaw drop open in shock, as the wind senshi gazed down at her. "You didn't take Usagi's brooch?" She was afraid of the answer that she knew was coming.

"Why on Earth would I want koneko's brooch? It doesn't look good on me anyway..." the older woman's cheeks turned bright red, as she struggled to hide her embarrassment. "not that I've tried it on..."

Horried, the short girl dropped her glaive, and grabbed the older woman by the front of her uniform. "You didn't grab her BROOCH!!!"



Alarmed, the blonde woman shook her head, "lie, I didn't know I was supposed to-"

"Are you crazy!!" Hotaru shook the woman, as if she could knock some sense into her surrogate father. "Are you insane?!?! They'll murder each other!!" She shook her harder, "What would Michiru-mama say?" Haruka paled slightly, her eyes wide with terror at the girl's sudden burst of anger. It was like seeing Michiru, flames and all. Kami-sama have mercy on my soul...

The dark haired girl shoved her back, and hurried to the door. Grabbing the doorknob, she tried to pry it open. "We have to get the brooch before they get hurt!"

Haruka took a timid step backwards, the quickest way of getting away from the venting child. Her hand reached up to rub the back of her neck nervously. "Promise you won't get mad?"

Hotaru yanked hard on the door, "Why won't this blasted thing open?"

Suddenly her small back stiffened, and she slowly turned her head, her mind just now processing what the blonde woman had said. "Why?" The older woman swallowed hard, "Promise you won't get mad."

Hotaru felt her left eye twitch in irritation. "I will not." The blonde shook her head; "I won't say anything until you promise not to hurt me." The smaller girl shot her a murderous look. Haruka took another step back, and she bumped into the wall. At this distance she could make a run for it. But who knew where the girl would pop up from, and strike a blow with her glaive.

With the look the child was giving her, Haruka believed the girl wouldn't hesitate to smite her. "The door's locked." Hotaru nodded, before she bit out, "I noticed, so unlock it."

Scooting a few inches to the right, Haruka added, "We can't." Violet eyes narrowed dangerously, "Why?" Haruka was really starting to fear for her life. I knew I shouldn't have agreed to this. Damn you Albus!

I'm too young to die!

Swallowing the forming lump in her throat, she chose her words carefully, "Th-they can't get out, and w-we can't get in..." taking another step to the right, she inched her way along the wall. The whole time deadly violet eyes followed her. "Haruka-papa, what did you do?"

The blonde's bottom lip trembled. She was the senshi of Uranus, the fearless wielder of the wind saber. She could take on youmas, droids, evil queens, and deadly possessed senshi. But right now, her knees shook, her heart hammered hard in her chest, all because her adopted daughter looked ready to strangle her with her bare hands. Right now, Sailor Uranus looked ready to scream, and run for her life.

Having her car would have been nice right about now, but it was thousands of miles away. And all she had was an endless hall that was hexed. She would never find her way out, not after what Albus had done to keep the students away.

Inhaling deeply, she realized there was no way out. Exhaling heavily, she replied, "Technically, I didn't do anything. But-" she shot the hallway a quick glance. She wasn't trapped, but then, she was. In one breathless statement she blurted out, "Albus-casted-a-twenty-four-hour-spell-so-that-none-of-us-can-get-in-and-they-can't-get-out." With that said, she turned and ran as fast as the wind could carry her.

As she reached the corner, she smacked into a barrier, and fell back hard on her rear. Damn it all to hell! Why did he have to be true to his word?

I'm so dead...

When she didn't hear anything from behind her, the older woman looked down the hall where Hotaru still stood. The smaller girl was shaking. Was she crying, or laughing?

She was afraid of both.

Then suddenly the air was shattered by a string of curses that made the older senshi blush, and left her ears ringing.

I wish Michi-chan were here.

Usagi caught her breath, her heart lurching in her chest. She wasn't alone in this dark room. There was someone, something, standing behind her. Fear swelled within her heart, and instinctively, she reached for her brooch.

"Hello Usagi."

Her knees nearly gave out, and her heart slammed hard against her rib cage. She knew that drawl. She knew that voice. It haunted her dreams, filled her with strange visions. Or were they memories?

Tentatively, she turned, her body slowly moving as she sucked in all the air her lungs could hold. The room wasn't really a room. With the soft glow of the boy's wand, she could see four walls, the only door laid behind her. The boy stood at the other end, not all that far from her really. The room was the size of a walk in closet. Just enough room for the both of them and a bit of legroom.

The air she held, came out in a whoosh, tumbling passed her lips. She was sure this wasn't good. She was alone in a closet with Draco Malfoy. Alarm was sharp and noticeable in her voice as she asked, "Wh-what are you doing here?" Why did it have to be him? Why couldn't it have been someone else? She would have asked for anyone else. But it wasn't anyone else. She could make him out clearly, even in the dim lighting.

He was leaning against the wall lazily, his white hair almost seemed golden in the glow of his wand, was slicked back. His sharp eyes, blue in color were glowing as they gazed at her. Their intense stare was unnerving, and it sent shivers racing along her skin.

The anger she had felt before was long gone, now. She felt more afraid of him, than angry. More vulnerable than strong. How could he do this to her? And with just a simple stare, just a quirk of his lips.

This was not a good thing.

She visibly shuddered, and pressed her back firmly against the door. The more distance the better, but the slight step back didn't make any difference.

"The same as you, being locked up in a closet." He rolled his eyes, turning his head slightly away. The simple jester hurt her more than she would have like to admit. Taking in what little air her lung would allow, she turned and grasped the knob. Jerking hard, she tried to wrench the door open. "Oh come on. LET ME OUT!"

"You're wasting your time, and my air. The door is locked. And there is no way out. They have some kind of spell on it." He sounded annoyed, his voice slightly clipped. She looked at him from over her shoulder. Shooting him a look, she tried jerking on the door some more. "Haruka let me out! I order you! Hotaru!!!!" She yanked, pulled, twisted, and turned. But nothing came of it.

And no one came to her rescue. Her bottom lip trembled, and she could feel her knees shaking. Her hope and strength was draining from her. "I only wanted to go home." The tears were burning her eyes, and a sob wanted to tear her throat in half.

"Stop whining. They'll have to let us out some time." His voice was harsh, backhanding her across the face.

Anger dried her tears, and roped back the sob that she desperately wanted to let out. Whirling around on her feet, she glared at the boy, who continued to stare at the wall. His arms were crossed over his chest, the only light barely poking out from under his arm. "Why did I have to get locked in a closet, with a snot nosed brat, who takes out all his frustrations on anyone he doesn't like? You're a spoiled, pig headed..." she raised her hands, holding them out like she wanted to wrap her fingers around his neck, and choke the life out of him.

His blue eyes slid towards her, in a flash of a blazing inferno. The heat within them startled her. Alarmed, she straightened her back, and pushed herself against the door. She did not like the look in his eyes.

It was worst than the look Rei always gave her, and that was not good a thing.

Minako tapped one manicured finger against the hard planes of the wood floor. Her head was slightly tilted in thought.

Rei had called another meeting, and once again, their topic of conversation had jumped from one source to another. Starting off with business, a discussion on anything suspicious, which was absolutely nothing. And then Ami would bring up studying, their preparations of exams to get into colleges, where they planned to go once spring came.

Like she thought that far ahead...

Makoto was the one who had brought up the new boy at the arcade. Motoki's cousin had come up from America and was staying with him. Kevin was the latest chase in Tokyo. Just thinking about his dark looks, and lean body made her drool.

With a soft sigh she turned her blue eyes away from the small group. It was too small, just the four of them. Strange, how they never brought up their leader during the meetings. "Do you think she okay?"

The constant chatter stopped, and she turned to find everyone looking at her. They were staring at her in slight confusion, as if they weren't sure who she was talking about. "Usagi, I mean. Her okaasan was really worried..."

Ami's brow knitted together in confusion. "Minako are you feeling well?"

The light haired girl, frowned, "Hai, I feel fine. What are you guys staring at?" Makoto shook her head, her green eyes still holding concern, even though she was smiling. "Girl, you need to elaborate more..."

A frown appeared on her face. Shifting she struggled to sit up from where she had been lying on her stomach. "What is with you guys!

Have you completely forgotten who our leader is? And that she's missing. Mrs. Tsukino is worried sick, and all we're doing is talking about guys!" She was outraged. Who were these people she called her friends? How could they just forget about Usagi, their princess like that?

The dark haired priestess scowled, "Minako, will you stop rubbing your title in our faces. Of course we haven't forgotten that you're our leader. Now sit down so we can get back to business."

She stared down at the young woman dressed in a red and white kimono. What the hell was going on?

"Minako, are you sure you're feeling all right?" She nodded, her anger rising. Couldn't they see she was fine? Her blue eyes flashed at the blue haired girl who was talking to her. "Why do you bring up the Tsukinos at a time like this Minako-chan?"

The blonde frowned, "What do you mean?" The smaller girl gave her a worried stare, her blue eyes slightly sympathetic. "I don't know what would make you think about that family now. Since they died nearly a year before you even came here to Tokyo."

Shock ripped through her senses. Dead? But how? She had just spoken with Ikuko last week. She shook her head, "Ami, stop joking. We need to find Usagi, and bring her back. We need our leader. We need Sailor Moon, or we're going to fall apart, if an enemy does show up."

Rei jumped to her feet, before Ami could reply. "Minako, you need to sit down, and breathe! The Tsukino died three years ago in a boating accident. Usagi, their musume, died two years ago." Her violet eyes flashed with an inner fire. "So stop spouting nonsense about a Sailor Moon. We are the Sailor Senshi, so stop making people up!"

Makoto nodded from where she sat near the table. "Hai, we still need to find our hime." The blue haired girl next to the tall brunette nodded solemnly. "Everything will be fine when we find her."

Minako took a tentative step back from the people she thought were her friends. Usagi, dead? How could they say that?

No Sailor Moon, a nonexistent figure? Absurd.

Sailor Moon was the girl she called her best friend, who helped her in the worst of times. The girl who saved them, when they believed they were going to lose. She had been their hope, their light. How could they forget?

“Minako sit down, I have got to tell you about that boy I saw at the mall. He makes Kevin look pathetic.” Makoto sighed heavenly as an image of an older boy formed in her mind. Rei chuckled as she sat down.

Ami was flushing, trying to hide her face behind her book.

At first she was reluctant to sit. But then she couldn't quite remember why she hadn't wanted to join in the conversation in the first place. Taking her spot next to Rei, she shot the brunette a sly look. “So does that mean I can have Kevin?”

There was a slight pause in the silent room, before, “HIE!!!! He's mine!”

Minako grinned, and she waved her hand airily at her friend. “ All right, all right.” She rolled her eyes, at her friend's antics. Slowly she looked at each of them, and a smile graced her lips.

What had she been thinking? Sailor Moon? She must have had one crazy dream last night...

“Are you done?”

His voice was dangerously low. His eyes narrowed into slits, as he looked at her in pure disgust. “Filthy mudblood...”

He was pissed; she knew that from the waves of violence that washed over her. His tense body was quivering with barely contained

rage. What would he do if she pushed him a little bit further? If she sent him over the edge?

“Because if you’re not, I will find a way of shutting you up. I’ve had enough of hearing you insult me.” He sneered at her, his lips curling cruelly, “I’m a Malfoy, a pure blooded Wizard.” Ah, the arrogant approach, not gonna work.

She glared back at him, even though her confidence wasn’t nearly as strong as it had been before. Her hand reached into her pocket, her fingers curling around her brooch. “Stop calling me a mudblood.”

He snorted, his thoughts about her order, present. “Why should I quit? You seem to be enjoying insulting me.”

Usagi rolled her eyes, “Stop being such a baka. You’re acting like a five year old.” She crossed her arms over her chest, forgetting about grabbing her brooch. Before she could relax even the slightest against the door, two hands grabbed her roughly by the shoulders, and slammed her against the door. She let out a startled yell, as fingers dug into her tender flesh.

The wand clattered to the floor, the only light snuffing out, and left the two of them in the dark. Alarmed, she shouted, “Let me go!” Fear slammed in her heart, taking over her senses. She was absolutely petrified of being in the dark, being in the dark and vulnerable.

She struggled, trying to fight him off. But he managed to push her harder into the door, pinning her there with ease. “Let me go!!!”

“No because you’re being unfair!”

Usagi froze for a second, not sure if she had heard him correctly. “Unfair? I’m being unfair!” With new vigor, she thrashed against him, her nails trying to claw into his skin.

With a low growl, he pulled her forward, and threw her against the door again, startling her. Using her shock to his advantaged, he pinned her to the door, with his body. His hands were like cuffs around her wrists, his shoulder digging into her chest, keeping her



back flat against the door. His legs locked around hers, keeping them in place.

Angered by this new predicament, she yelled, "I'm not the one who tried to kill Harry. So you can't say that I'm being unfair! You're the one-" He said something, that she didn't catch, because she had been too busy screaming at him. Turning her face towards him, she flushed. His head rested next to hers, his forehead leaning against the door just above her shoulder. "Wh-what did you say?"

He sighed, his face slightly torn for a brief second, before he pulled his head back to look at her. "Stop calling him that. Stop calling him Harry."

She stared in confusion, not sure why he looked so sad. "He's my friend Malfoy. I can call him whatever I want." His eyes narrowed slightly, the muscles in his face tightening. She watched as his lips formed a stern looking frown. "He's your friend, and I'm not?"

Why did he look so hurt?

"Well, you were, until you pulled that nasty foul out at the game." She dropped her gaze, not wanting to see that look any longer. "Only as a friend?" What? Didn't he just say he wanted to be her friend?

"Will you let me go please?" She couldn't handle being this close to him. She was getting too comfortable in his embrace. Unconsciously, she leaned against him, feeling his warmth through her robes.

Following the hallway, Harry frowned. He had heard Dumbledore say that her room was near his. But where near his? Pausing he glanced around, trying to spot something familiar. He hardly came this way, so it was hard to remember where the Griffin statue might be.

"Harry where are you off to?" Hermione was coming out of the girl's bathroom, when he passed.

"I- uh." He frowned slightly, trying to keep himself focused on the task at hand. "I'm trying to find the Professor." He sighed; he couldn't help but admit to himself that he was lost.

Had he managed to get turned around?

"I just need to tell her something. Do you know where her room is?" He looked to his friend, who was staring at him closely. "What do you need to tell her?" He flushed slightly, feeling his cheeks warm.

"Well it's what happened during the Quidditch game... well I mean, it was just a game-" he laughed nervously. "And as much as I'm pleased to see those two at each other's throats, well I just can't help-" he sighed, it wasn't coming out right. "Do you know where her room is?"

Hermione nodded, and pointed in the direction he had been going. "Around the corner, and straight down the hall, turn right at the fork. You'll pass Dumbledore's office. Her room is the window at the end of the hall." He nodded, not even registering all that she had just told him.

He started walking, making his way to the corner, when he suddenly ran into something. With a yelp, he fell back, landing hard on his rear. "Harry, are you all right?" His friend dropped to his side.

Absent minded, he nodded, his eyes staring at the air in front of him. Curious, he reached out, and touched a cool surface. Some kind of barrier? But why?

Why would they want to keep people away from this section of the school?

"What did you run into?" She was looking down the hall with a frown. To the eye, there was nothing there, but to the touch, it was like a glass wall. Maybe a mirror?

Harry shook his head, as he replied, "I'm not sure."

"D-Draco?" She shivered at the intensity of his look. He was so close to her, his face just mere inches from hers. She remembered how he kissed, and the way he made her feel by just being close to her.

They must have stood there like that for some time. Her legs were starting to ache, but she hardly noticed. She was too preoccupied by just staring at him. His eyes betrayed a lot, and she was sure she was seeing more than he wanted to give away.

"I wouldn't have let him fall." His voice was soft, not the same harsh voice he had used before. She blinked, her mind being pulled from her thoughts. "What did you say?"

He sighed, and once again rested his forehead against the cool surface of the door. "Potter wouldn't have fallen. I wouldn't have let him fall." She shivered, her body trembling. His breath was warm, lightly caressing her bare neck. What was he trying to tell her? She could barely concentrate.

"I'm not that shallow. I would rather kill Potter in a duel. It wouldn't be any fun letting him just fall." Draco's hands tightened, his finger wrapping around her wrists. He hit his head against the wood, the noise startling her. Usagi looked at him in concern.

"It was just a game, Usagi. I would have caught him." He looked at her then.

Usagi felt tears rush to her eyes. How unfair she had been! She had jumped to conclusions, yelling at him, before he could get a chance to tell her what happened, before he could explain.

Unable to look at him now, she turned away, ashamed with herself. He wasn't lying to her. It was more likely that Draco would want to fight Harry in a duel and defeat him that way.

"Gomen."

She tried to break free from his hold, but he held her in place. "Usagi?" Her body shivered, as he let her wrists go, and they trailed up her arms.

Hesitantly, she lifted her head to look at him. His face was close, barely hovering above hers. Draco leaned in, his head tilting just

enough. Her hands moved, her arms wrapping around his neck, as he brought his lips down on hers.

Studying her handful of cards, fanned out for her eyes to inspect, she frowned. She couldn't believe she was losing at this game.

"Haruka-papa do you have any kings?" The girl sitting across from her was staring at her own card, giggling uncontrollably. It might have to do with the fact that so far she had won six games, while Haruka hadn't even won once. Sighing, Haruka pulled out the three kings she had been holding, and handed them over to the smaller girl.

After the first hour of not speaking, Hotaru had slowly regained control of her bubbling anger to talk civilly, much to Haruka's relief. The second hour that had gone by, they had finally apologized and were actually starting to get some kind of a conversation going. Which was important, since they wouldn't be able to leave this hallway until the spell broke off.

The third hour, Hotaru had pulled out a deck of card. "Taru chan, do you have any twos?" The dark haired child looked at her through the thick bangs of her dark locks. "Nope, go fish."

"Damn it all to hell!" Throwing her cards down, she jumped to her feet slightly agitated. So, she was a sore loser in the game of Go Fish...

Hotaru grinned, as she cleaned up the cards, and put them away in her sub space pocket. Haruka had never really been good at the game, which had Hotaru always bringing out her special cards to play a few games.

The young girl moved to the door, and pressed her ear to it. There weren't any sounds coming from within. About an hour ago, they had heard something slam against the door. But now there was nothing. Too bad they couldn't eavesdrop on them as well. "Do you think they're okay? What if they've hurt each other, and need our help?" Suddenly fear consumed her, and she moved to grasp the doorknob.

“Hotaru, we can’t get in. And I’m sure they’re fine.” Haruka stopped pacing to look at her adopted daughter. “Our hime knows how to take care of herself.”

“I know. I’m just worried. We haven’t heard anything for a long time.” She hugged her arms across her chest, as she looked at the closed door. They had only been out here for three hours. It felt like an eternity had passed, and they still had a long way to go to reach their destination.

“She’ll be fine.” The taller woman hugged her from behind. “You just have to trust our hime.”

“Okay.”

Her body was tingling. Never had all of her nerves ignited like they did now. She was leaning against him, her legs too weak to hold herself up. “Draco?” He slightly shifted, and her fingers clutched the robes that hung from his shoulders. They were all that kept her from falling to the floor.

“Do we, did we know each other... before...” she tightened her hold on him, not letting him get the idea that he could pull away. Or avoid her question, this time.

He was looking at her, his face slightly flushed. “I- I think so.” He reached up, his hands covering hers. Reluctantly, she let him go, and he steadied her on her own two feet. Once free, he retreated to the other end of the closet, as if trying to put distance between them.

“I’ve been having these dreams.” He knelt down, and picked up his wand. Still crouched, his back towards her, he studied the long stick, with fake interest. “I’ve never had dreams like the ones I’ve been having this year.”

Usagi frowned, her golden brows drawing together. “What kind of dreams?” She leaned back against the door, and slid to the floor. She was tired. It had been one exhausting day, and it was starting to take its toll on her.

Draco glanced at her from over his shoulder. "They're about you- well, I think they are." He moved around so that he could sit. He leaned back against the other wall, and now, he was staring at her.

"I don't remember a lot that happened two years ago. A lot of it is still just one big blank. But I do remember-" he tilted his head, looking at her curiously.

"Remember what?"

He shook his head, "Nothing, nothing important."

The young blonde sighed, as she leaned heavily against the door. Finally she gave in, and voiced her thoughts, "I wonder how long we're going to be kept in here?" Draco lifted his head, to study the door thoughtfully. "We've only been in here for a few hours. Sooner or later someone will come looking for us."

Usagi snorted, "Yea right, not if this was planned."

"What do you mean?"

She shrugged, "Just what I said. I was pushed in here, and I'm sure you didn't walk willingly into an old empty closet." She shot a look at the door, as if it was its fault that she was still in here. "Since Haruka hasn't come to my rescue I would say she's in on this."

"In on what?" He was confused. She was acting as if the whole school was conspiring against them. And that was highly unlikely.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Albus was in on this too. He's been having a lot of fun using me as a puppet, since I got here. But who else? It wasn't Haruka who shoved us in here. I'm sure Albus doesn't have that kind of mentality. I just can't see him actually pushing us in here, maybe lock the door, but push..." Usagi frowned in thought, taking all of this into consideration.

"What are you talking about?"

She blinked, and looked at the boy who was seated across from her. "Why would your friends shove us into a closet? What would Dumbledore gain by locking a student and one of his staff members in a room together?"

Usagi took in his words, putting them into the odd equation forming in front of her. Now if only she knew how to work it.

"I don't know."

"I am so bored!"

Hotaru sighed, as she looked at the older woman. Shaking her head, she replied, "Haruka-papa we've only been here for six hours."

"I know!" The blonde let out an exasperated sigh, as she fell back landing in a heap on the marble floor. "I want to go home. I miss Michi-chan." The smaller girl chuckled, "Well our time is almost up. Setsuna mama only said a month. Which I believe ends tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?!?!" Haruka sat up abruptly. "We can't leave yet! What if they're still fighting?" Hotaru shook her head, but before she could say anything, someone else replied, "Then, I'll take care of it."

Both senshis looked down the hall, where the barrier was still placed, locking them inside. But right before their eyes, a figure emerged through the invisible wall.

A girl, no older than thirteen materialized before them, limb-by-limb. She was voluptuous, even at such an age of one so young. Her hair was a natural green, something very uncommon at this school. She was dressed in the school uniform, with an outer robe over that.

Haruka climbed to her feet, her lips forming into a frown. "How'd you get in here?"

The small girl's lips quirked, "Ah, Uranus, I don't believe we have met. Well at least not formally." Her arms crossed over her chest. The sleeves of her robes drew back, revealing nearly shoulder length white gloves.

Hotaru relaxed, recognition dawning on her. "Juno, you startled us. Haruka-papa, she's okay, this is Jun Vesus."

The blonde refused to relax; the name meant nothing to her. "It's all right Haruka-" the stranger started, "Hai, I'm Jun Vesus, but also known as Sailor Juno." With that said, the robes she wore melted off, revealing her Sailor uniform. "One of the Sailor Quartet, that is."

She was seated at an odd angle, he noted. He had finally glanced her way, when a sudden noise had jolted him from his dozing state. A smile tugged at his lips, as he studied the girl before him. She wasn't a very patient person, he noticed. A lot of time had slipped by, and from the look on the blonde's face he could tell the door was still locked.

Draco shifted from where he sat on the cold hard floor. What he would give for a blanket and a pillow. The room was cold, which meant it was getting late.

Needing to take his focus off his lack of warmth, he studied the blonde. She was sitting, but not on the floor, like she had been when he had nodded off. Instead, her back was flat against the floor, and it looked- Draco tilted his head to the side, so that to his eyes it appeared she was sitting, even though her rear end and legs were up in the air, up against the door.

"Comfortable?"

She wasn't startled, in fact she heaved a great sigh, and craned her head around so that she could see him. It was then he realized she wasn't wearing her robes anymore. "Well, sleeping beauty has finally woken up. Gomen, but the door is still locked." She looked down at her watch, and read off the time, "and it's about ten o'clock."

He was surprised to find that she wasn't upset. In fact she was relatively calm about the whole situation, unlike before. "Gomen, I got bored, so I transformed when I realized I was talking to sleeping beauty." She shot him a look, before turning her eyes up to the ceiling again.



He smirked, as his eyes studied her. She sighed again, and tapped the locket on her chest. He watched with fascination, for the second time, as her strange clothes melted away. In a brief flash, her naked form was covered in her robes.

Draco shook his head, his eyes glancing at the brooch, before they fell back on her face. She was completely oblivious to his gaze. He felt a pain come from within his chest, almost like a knife trying to slice him in half. Working up the courage he needed, but didn't feel, he stood.

Silently, he stood there for a second, just watching her. Their argument from earlier came back, fresh as if it had just happened. An old wound was torn open, when he thought back on her words. They had made him feel something he had never experienced before, at least not from what he remembered.

"Draco-kun?"

She was looking at him, from where she was, not moving. "What's wrong?" If he could, he would have gone back in time and not have done what he had at the game. If it would have stopped the horrible emotions he had felt, when she looked at him, he would gladly have let Potter win the game. And then during their argument, the emotion had been a wild beast, lashing out. He had opened his mouth, and said the only thing he could manage under the barrage of turmoil.

Then go.

Quietly, he moved towards her, stopping at her side. He crouched down, and he stared down at her face. He hadn't meant it. Hopefully, she would know that. Hopefully, she wouldn't take his word on what he had said in anger.

"Draco?" She was trying to push herself up, but the action was proving to be difficult from her position. He inhaled sharply, the pain fresh, and aching. "Usagi." She froze. Her eyes looked at him in concern, worry etched in their blue pools. She was propped up on her elbows, not daring to move.

Hesitantly, he reached out, his hand cupping her cheek. He felt her lean into the touch, and a soft caring smile appeared. Just for him. He hoped beyond hope, that she would forget the angry things he had said earlier. That she could forgive him.

Draco gathered his wits, what little that was left, and struggled to find his voice. The lump in his throat made it hard for him to speak, but he finally managed to whisper brokenly.

“Please don’t leave...”

Well you guys here’s another chapter written. I little bit of romance, but nothing overly strong. I already have the next chapter planned, and started, so hopefully it will come out sooner than even this one did.

I had one problem with this chapter. I had started it, and then lost everything I had written on a disc, so I had to rewrite it. I was devastated. But I dragged myself out of mourning, and placed my dead weight before my comp, and wrote. And between you and me, I think it came out better than the original... so I guess some good things come from horrible things...

I hope you liked this chapter, I know you will love the next. Haruka, Hotaru, and Juno, are in for a HUGE surprise!!!!!!

My thanks goes to my wonderful reviewers, who with their wonderful reviews keep me going, and the flowing thoughts to flood, my mind with ideas... but most of all, thanks to my pre-reader, who reads over my work quickly, and even adds her own thoughts into the chapters... thank you Hikari!!!!!!

LP signing out!!!

## Chapter ten:

### A Breakable Promise

She was startled to see him leaning over her, a hidden question in his eyes. He was crouched next to her, his eyes searching hers with a question he couldn't ask.

"Draco?" Usagi frowned with concern. He had been quiet for some time now, that she was starting to worry. And even now he refused to speak to her. Struggling, she tried to sit up so that she could see him from a different angle. It wasn't until she found it difficult to even barely lift her back from the floor, did she remember the position she was in.

She had completely forgotten she had been entertaining herself earlier by swinging her boot covered legs in intricate patterns in the air.

"Usagi."

She blinked, dragging herself from her flustered thoughts to the boy leaning over her. She managed to lift herself up onto her elbows. Tilting her head slightly, Usagi studied his face.

Was that fear she saw?

Or was it some game he was playing?

She couldn't trust herself to speak. If this was some sick game he was playing, then all of it had to be a game. And if that was the truth, she feared that it might destroy her.

He made the first move. Usagi caught her breath, when his hand touched her cheek, the warmth of his palm comforting her. She barely knew him, and yet, she felt like she should know him. It was times like these that she felt left out. That her past life, and him were on terms she couldn't comprehend. He acted like he knew her, but she hardly knew anything about him.

She gave in, letting herself seek the warmth of his hand. This was wrong. She should hate him. She had Mamoru, she had the senshi, she had Chibi Usa.

But even as she reminded herself of these things, her heart thumped wildly in her chest, when she met his eyes.

He was struggling to tell her something. The plea in his eyes, even though he couldn't get his mouth to voice the words. She smiled at him, encouraging him to speak. Her body shivered, her blood roaring through her veins.

Usagi's eyes fell to his mouth, when he finally started to speak. She was startled by the words, but more so by the begging plea laced within them.

"Please don't leave... me."

She felt the tears sting her eyes, and something burned deep within her chest. She drew in a shuddering breath, as her heart contracted. That one sentence, that one plea, broke her heart.

Shaking her head, she struggled to compose herself. "I'm not going anywhere." How could he think she would leave? They were locked in a closet after all...

Draco sighed, directing her attention back to him. "You said you were going home." At the moment going home was the last thing on her mind. She was quite happy with where she was at the moment.

As if she was right where she belonged.

"Usagi?"

She shivered. This had to be wrong. Right? She lived in another world, had her life already set. She had a fiancé, a future child to look forward to.

So why didn't any of that feel like it mattered here? Every minute she spent longer here, at this school, the more distance she felt was

placed between her and her old life. Slowly she was becoming this other Usagi. It was only a matter of time, before the Usagi in Tokyo was gone, and the one in London was reborn.

Already she could feel the last of the ties forming.

Eventually, she would have to return. She would have to go back home. Before it was too late.

Tears formed at this realization. When the time came, would she be able to say goodbye?

“Usa-”

She didn’t let him finish. Her arms moved out from beneath her, and wrapped around his neck. She brought him down with her, bringing his face close to hers. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Before he could reply, Usagi closed the distance between them, crushing his lips against hers.

Shock would have been an understatement for what he was feeling. He had never expected this, well so soon that is. But that didn’t mean he didn’t use it to his own advantage.

When she started to pull away, he groaned in protest. With his right hand, he pushed her legs over, and dragged her body up with him. Their lips parted for only a breath of a second, before they locked into another heated kiss.

Possessively, his hands slid down her sides, sliding around her back. Her body was pressed against his, while his mouth devoured her lips with kiss after kiss.

“Draco.”

He opened his eyes to stare at her. Her cheeks were flushed, the heat of the kiss still tingling her skin. Draco leaned forward, touching her lips with a chaste kiss. “Shh...” He felt her arms tighten around him, her fingers moving through his hair.

He couldn't seem to get enough of her. It was like a part of him feared she would just disappear. Shifting, he moved her with him, so that he laid on the hard floor with her in his arms.

She was curled up against him, her eyes weighing down with sleep, as she nodded off. Unconsciously, his fingers tangled themselves in her long hair. He rubbed a few strands between his fingers, loving the feel of the silky locks. He knew when she had finally fallen asleep, and by then he felt himself reluctantly succumbing to the darkness of his own mind.

As his eyes fell shut, his arms tightened, drawing the warm body next to him even closer.

Usagi opened her eyes grudgingly. She was still being held in a dark room, so she was unable to tell whether it was morning or still night. Lifting her left arm from where it had been resting, she squinted at the tiny screen of her watch. It was nearly noon.

Yawning, she wrapped her loose arm around the thing it had been holding onto when she had woken up. Snuggling closer to the only source of warmth in the room, she sighed blessedly. It was then she felt the warm breath brushing across her cheek.

Opening her eyes again, she found herself staring at Draco's face. At first, she stiffened, her body slowly taking in the feel of him. He was close, almost too close. If she lifted her chin, she could kiss him fully on the lips. Again. Turning her face away, she glanced down at their bodies. Their limbs were tangled together, and much to her relief, they were fully clothed.

His arms were holding her around the waist, keeping their bodies pressed together. To her embarrassment, it was her legs and arms draped across his body in a very unlady like manner. Usagi felt the blush spread across her cheeks. She pulled her gaze away from their tangled limbs, and lifted them to the boy's face. An inaudible squeak of surprise escaped her lips.

"Morning."

Her face warmed, while her eyes widened in surprise to find her companion wide awake. She knew from the look in his blue eyes, that he was very well aware of their closeness.

"Morning." she was breathless, her heart was starting to beat hard in her chest, wanting release. Even though she would never admit to herself, let alone out loud, just how disappointed she really felt when he pulled away. He propped himself up on his elbows, so that he could look down at her. "Hmm, is it morning?"

Usagi licked her lips, her eyes holding his. "Actually its twelve." As the time slipped passed her lips, her stomach gurgled in reply. She was absolutely starving! Having missed one too many meals...

Draco chuckled, his lips quirking into that half smile she found aggravating, and yet endearing. She breathed in deeply, taking in his scent, as a flush graced her cheeks. "Gomen. I guess I'm hungry."

He nodded, his eyes glowing with a knowing look. "I can hear that." He looked up at the door, with a soft frown. "We should hopefully be getting out soon." Usagi sighed, her eyes following his. "I hope so. I don't think I can last much longer without something to eat." she pouted, her lips pressed together. Heat burned through her when she felt his hand against the span of her stomach. She gasped, her eyes looking at him in shock.

His hand was stretched across her flat belly, his warmth burning through her robes, so that she could feel his touch on her skin.

"I'm starting to believe you."

She blinked, what he had just said not registering in her mind. She could barely concentrate with him touching her. It was like when he kissed her, all common sense seemed to just disappear. "Wha-what?"

The corner of his mouth lifted, but he didn't quite smile. "About your friends. And about Dumbledore. What you said yesterday, about them putting us in here." Usagi nodded, her mind slowly catching

onto his words. "Oh." she rested her head back against the floor, letting herself think. After a bit of silence, he finally asked, "How do you suppose we should pay them back?"

A frown formed on her face, and she lifted her head so that she could look at him. "What do you mean?" He shrugged, showing indifference. "Well we've been locked in here for nearly twenty-four hours. I think its only fair we pay them back somehow."

The blonde nodded, "Oh I see. But we still don't know why we were put in here."

Draco shook his head, and he lifted his hand from her middle, to trace his fingers along her cheek. "I think I do."

"You do?"

He nodded, his eyes studying her face closely. "We weren't getting along very well after the game. And you even threatened to leave Hogwarts..." His blue eyes darkened at that last part, and she reached up covering his hand with hers.

"They probably believed putting us together for a while, we might be able to work out our differences."

Usagi took his words into consideration. "I don't know Draco-kun. I mean, this is Haruka and Hotaru we are talking about."

He shrugged again, just a slight lift of his shoulders. "Maybe you don't know them as well as you thought." Usagi shot him a look. "They're my guardians, my senshi, and my friends. I think I know them just fine. Maybe they had nothing to do with this."

Draco stared down at her, his eyes showing his doubt. "They may be your friends, but that doesn't mean you know them. As for them having no part of this, wouldn't they have come looking for you?"

She sighed. He was right. The Haruka she knew would have come looking for her. And within twenty-four hours, would have found her. "You're right. I was walking with Haruka when I got put in here." her



eyebrows drew together, as she thought about all this. "What were they trying to do by putting us in here?"

Draco pulled back a bit, his eyes moving around the closet. "Maybe she thought she was helping."

"Helping?"

He chuckled, "From what I gather, you're friends, are very protective of you. And they probably believe they were helping you, by trying to get us back together."

A small snort escaped her. "There are a lot of probablies and maybes in that speech of yours." she tilted her face slightly to the right. "And we weren't together to begin with."

He lifted her chin, so that he could look her in the eye, as he asked, "Really? I thought we were." he watched a flush heat her cheeks, giving them a hint of color.

Leaning in, he kissed her briefly, before letting her chin go. "Now that we have come to an agreement as to why they locked us in here, we should start thinking about our payback."

Usagi scowled at him, "I have not-" he silenced her with another kiss. Slanting his mouth above hers, he ran his tongue across her bottom lip. A small whimper escaped her, before she opened her mouth to his, her arms pulling him down on her.

He chuckled against her lips, his tongue tasting her in his mouth.

He pulled back, when his lungs started to burn. His eyes traced over her face taking in her beautiful features. Tugging her close to him, he laid down on the floor again, and held her in his arms.

A few minutes passed, leaving them in the silence of the darkness that had surrounded them. It was Usagi who shattered it, with her voice. A small smile spread across her face. "I think I have an idea."

Haruka stared anxiously at the door. It was highly unlikely Usagi would forgive them for this. Locking her in a room for twenty-four hours had been the worst idea she had ever come up with. In fact, she never felt so stupid.

At first, it had sounded like a great idea. Almost too good to be true, when Albus had proposed the idea to her when she had met him in the Great Hall, Saturday. They had been talking about it on their way to Usagi's room. Albus had said nothing about anyone else, being involved.

Feebly, the blonde senshi touched her forehead in hopes to ease her splitting headache. It was one that had come out of nowhere. No actually, she knew where it came from.

Unlike now, when earlier she had agreed with Albus to go along with his plan, she hadn't been thinking about later. Or more so the future. The three of them, Jun, Hotaru, and Haruka that is, had been talking. Unable to sleep, the three had talked about Jun's plan.

And thinking about it now, made Haruka sick to her stomach. Jun, and her three sisters, who had yet to arrive, had been at Hogwarts for nearly a year and a half. The Sailor Quartet, as they liked to call themselves, came from the far future. They replaced the inner senshi, and became the guardians of Sailor Chibi Moon.

Haruka looked up from where she sat. Her butt was numb from sitting too long on the marble floor, but that was the least of her problems. Usagi was going to kill her, that is if Michiru or Setsuna didn't get a hold of her first. Michiru had always said she was hard headed, and jumped head first without questioning anything.

Which was the case for her dilemma now. Intentionally, this had all started out as an attempt to boost Usagi's spirit, by trying to strengthen the bond between her and that one boy, Malfoy. She wasn't sure why, or how she had come to the decision, but Haruka had believed, that Draco was a better person for Usagi. Much more than Mamoru ever had been.

Uranus was a protector of the Universe, she defended the outer solar system from evil. But Haruka was a friend of Usagi's. And she only wanted Usagi to have what made the smaller girl happy.

But just under a few hours ago, when Jun had finally finished her story on the secret plan, Haruka had felt completely sick with herself, and with the girl who claimed she was going to be a protector of their princess in the future.

The Sailor Quartet, were here out of boredom, waiting for the chance when they finally became the senshi that protected the princess. They had somehow managed to find out Setsuna's screw up, and had decided to make things worst.

Haruka dropped her head into her awaiting hands. She had been thinking about the happiness of her friend. But she had neglected to think about the future mayhem that might conspire after her meddling.

Unintentionally, Haruka had been playing a sick game with her friend's heart. She had completely forgotten, that sooner or later, Usagi would have to go back. Usagi would have to leave her happiness, if she found any here, and go back as Neo Queen Serenity.

Tears stung her eyes. She hoped Usagi would find it in her heart to forgive her.

The sound of a click startled them out of the silence. Haruka lifted her head to the door. The spell was broken. The twenty-four hour spell, Albus had placed on the door, had worn off, and the door had unlocked itself.

Weakly, the blonde woman climbed to her feet. Hotaru came to her side, standing firmly next to her. The poor girl looked pale, if that was even possible from her usual color. Her anger, and firmness had completely drained from her, leaving her with nothing but her weak heart to hold her up.

Hotaru was taking this as bad, if not worst, than Haruka was. The smaller girl also understood the enormity of their mistake.

A few minutes passed, leaving the three senshi in wait, before the doorknob finally turned. The three held their breath, as they waited for the attack that the two, who had been kept in the dark for a day, would surly give them.

But instead, were shocked, by the greeting that they were given, when the door swung open.

“Draco Jr.?” Usagi walked out into hallway staring at the dark doorway incredulously. “What kind of name is that?!?!” the small girl’s appearance, was shocking to say the least. Her robes, the ones she had worn to the Quidditch game, were disheveled, while her usually silky blond locks gave the impression, bed hair. She might as well have just woken up from a good nights rest, in a nice warm bed.

“What’s wrong with that name? I like it.” Draco followed the blonde out in the hall. He didn’t look any better than his partner. His usually slicked back hair, fell into his face, was stringy and damp looking. His robes where in tangles, and Haruka feared to think, they were on backwards?!?!?!?

Usagi crossed her arms over her chest. “Draco, Draco Jr. is no name for a child, he’d get laughed at. And what if it’s a girl! Do you plan on naming her Draca?”

The silver haired boy snorted with hidden laughter. “Draca? What the bloody hell kind of name is that? And who says its going to be a girl?” The blonde shot him a withering look. “And who says its going to be a boy? Hmm?”

Haruka opened her mouth to say something, anything, but nothing would come out. Horrified by the conversation she was overhearing, she looked over at the two other senshi. Hotaru looked aghast, her mouth opening and closing in protest, while Jun’s jaw just hung open in shock.

Finally Usagi looked at her, her face calm, not a hint of a smile on her lovely face. “You agree, right Haruka. Draco Jr. is not a name for a boy right?” the taller woman shrugged, not trusting herself to speak.

Draco frowned, "Usagi, I think we should continue this without an audience. This is our business, not theirs." Usagi shrugged, "Whatever you say Draco-chan. But I'm telling you here and now, Draco Jr. will not be our son's name."

Haruka's knees shook, with such a force, they buckled. She collapsed on the floor at the couple's feet. Son? Did she actually say SON?!?!?!?

"B-but, Usagi-mama?" Hotaru was shaking her head in denial, unable to believe her ears.

The two ignored them, and started down the hallway. "You know I kind of fancy the name Harry..."

It was a cool Sunday afternoon. And unlike his friends, Harry found himself inside. He was standing in a familiar hallway, staring at a familiar spot.

He raised his hand touching the cold surface of the barrier, and frowned. Dumbledore, had shaken his head, when Harry had asked him about it. The old man acted as if he had no idea about the barrier, but had refused to go with Harry to find it.

In fact, none of the teachers had been worried by the fact that several people had been missing at Dinner last night. Nor the fact that those same people had missed breakfast and lunch today.

Haruka, and Hotaru were gone. They hadn't been seen or heard from in two days. The announcer at the game yesterday, a second year student, was also missing. And then Malfoy, and Professor Tsukino were gone as well.

He wasn't sure what was going on, but he was sure it had something to do about this barrier. Lifting his other hand, he placed it against the invisible wall, and frowned. How could he get passed it?

He was startled, when cold air washed over him. He stumbled back, bringing his hands to inspect his fingers. They were bright red, and cold to the touch. What the hell was that?

“You know I kind of fancy the name Harry...”

The black haired boy jerked his head up, at the sound of his Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher’s voice. He stared in shock at the hall before him. Unlike now, it had appeared empty before. But now, down the hall, he could make out three girls dressed in those weird uniforms. Hotaru stood next to a fallen Haruka, and another girl he didn’t recognize was with them.

Harry dragged his eyes to the couple approaching him. His professor, was walking with Malfoy, and they looked comfortable in each other’s presence.

Suddenly Malfoy stopped. “I refuse to have our son named after Harry!”

The green eyed boy’s feet gave out from under him, and he hit the floor once again in the same spot he had yesterday. He gawked at the couple, as they argued over names.

Son? Did he actually say SON?!?!?!?

Usagi sighed as she stopped in front of Professor Snape’s door. How the news had spread so fast was beyond her. And how everyone believed it, was just too horrifying to think about.

It had taken a good few hours to straighten out the teachers, and she didn’t even bother explaining to the students.

Reaching up, she rubbed her forehead. It had been fun while it lasted. The prank had been her best yet she believed. Must have since she and Draco had the whole school thinking they were going to have a son, and name it Harry.

Albus, much to her chagrin was amused, and not stunned like she had hoped.

With another sigh, she lifted her hand and knocked twice on the door. "It's open."

Usagi entered the small office, the Potion master occupied for most of the time. He glanced up from some papers he had been going over, to look at her. "I thought you'd come. Well, let's get this over with." He took the papers, and set them out of the way. He then leaned back in his seat, and opened a drawer.

Taking a seat across from him, she asked, "So you're going to be able to answer my questions, now?" she watched him closely, as he pulled out a strange bowl, and set it down in front of them. "No, I'm going to show you. Tsukino, this is a pensieve. It's a bowl, that can hold my thoughts, when I have no need to keep them up here." he tapped his temple with his wand.

Horried, Usagi jerked back in her seat, when he pulled out a silvery substance, and place it into the bowl.

"I stored some of my thoughts and memories of that year in here. So if there is anything I do remember, we will find it in this."

Usagi nodded, and leaned forward to look down into the liquid. "What am I supposed to see Professor Snape?"

He smirked, rolling his dark eyes at her.

Usagi leaned even closer, and without the older man's consent, reached out with her hand to touch it. Her fingers brushed the cool substance. It felt neither like a solid, nor like a liquid. She gasped, as the room around her lurched, and she felt herself being sucked into the bowl. She let out a startled yell, as she felt herself fall. Closing her eyes, she braced herself for a harsh landing. But all she felt was a sudden jolt.

Opening her eyes, Usagi blinked. To her surprise, she was not sitting at the bottom of a bowl. Instead she was sitting in an empty chair, behind a teacher's desk.

It didn't take her long to figure out whose chair she was sitting in. The cold dank stone walls were a dead give away. Usagi lifted her head to look at the classroom. Each seat was filled, the room held Gryffindor and Slytherin students within its walls. Usagi flushed, waving to the class. "Gomen, I'm not sure how-" she was cut off when the door to the room opened.

She gasped when she looked at the doorway. It had to be a lie, some kind of trick. Usagi stood slowly from the chair she had landed in. Shoving it back, she rounded the desk, just as the door shut.

The student walking towards her was still young, only fourteen years old. She was dressed in the school's uniform, and she looked like all the other students. But her long blonde hair was pulled into similar buns that Usagi wore, even now.

Usagi walked towards her, slowly making her way to her look alike. The girl paused, her eyes searching the room. Then she started walking again, and she passed Usagi, taking a seat in the front.

To Usagi's amazement, the girl, with blonde hair and blue eyes had sat down next Draco Malfoy. He looked younger, maybe fifteen years old. This was two years ago. When the girl Usagi Tsukino had disappeared. Usagi frowned, when the classroom door slammed shut for a second time since she had arrived. She spun around, her eyes flying to the entrance. Professor Snape stormed into the room his black robes billowing about his form.

She watched as he stalked towards her. She wanted to move, but there was nowhere she could go. Usagi jerked back, as he walked through her, and continued towards his desk. "Wha-"

"Glad to see you on time Tsukino." Usagi frowned, as she turned. Was he talking to her?

The blonde haired girl in the front ducked her head in embarrassment.

"This is me. I went to this school two years ago." she shivered at the thought. She had known all along, but yet, a part of her hadn't really believed... "Tsukino I do hope you plan on paying attention in class."



Usagi frowned, her eyes staring at the man standing in front of the classroom. He was looking at the blonde with a sneer on his face. She frowned, why was he glaring at her past self?

The girl hadn't done anything wrong, yet. She hadn't even been late, for once! No wonder she never bothered being on time for Miss Haruna's class. There was no point if you were going to be yelled at anyway.

Something gripped her shoulder. She was so startled by the touch, she whipped around on her feet, tripping over them at the same time. Her scream was cut off, when she hit the ground.

Usagi stared up at Professor Snape in shock. "H-how?" she turned, looking over her shoulder to see the same man. There was little difference between the two.

"Professor Snape?"

The man gave her a brisk nod, and without bothering to help her up, he pulled away. "Seen enough?"

Using the table next to her, she pulled herself up to her feet. "lie. What else can you show me?" Even as she said it the image was fading, being replaced with a new one. She frowned when she was able to make out the hazy shapes. Figures sharpened, and Usagi found herself sitting in the stands at the Quidditch pitch. "Profe-" she was cut off by another voice, "Come on, come on." it actually wasn't another voice. Usagi looked over to find her double leaning forward in her seat, staring anxiously out at the game.

It was sort of creepy, seeing herself. It wasn't everyday you sat beside yourself...literally.

Next to the blonde haired girl, was Professor Snape. Was he always around, or was she just incredibly unlucky... "Miss Tsukino if I didn't know any better, I would almost say you were cheering for Potter out there."

Usagi looked at the dark haired man, with a frown. She felt someone standing behind her, just slightly away, as if to give her room for her to think. Beneath her breath she questioned, "Did you always hate me?" She had never thought someone could hate her. Well, minus the Dark Kingdom, and well Queen Nehelania, and a few other youmas. But people, she hadn't ever made an enemy. Had someone actually hated her that much?

The person behind her, heard her just fine, even though she had spoken in a whisper. "Yes." The single word hurt, more than she would have liked to admit.

Slowly she turned to look at the older version of Professor Snape. "Why?" There had to be a reason. Someone didn't just hate another for no reason at all. Right?

He sighed slowly, turning away from her. The screams around them made them look out to the pitch. Usagi watched, feeling a sense of déjà vu as her double jumped from the stands. Why didn't she transform? Why hadn't she used the crystal?

Usagi watched, till she saw the blinding light, but she had already known it was too late. Her double may have had been able to save Harry from a fall, but she had been unable to prevent her own fall. Had she died then? Unable to transform, she wouldn't be surprised if she had been fatally injured.

The surroundings were fading, molding to another image. "Why, why did you..." she trailed off, finding herself back in the classroom. The pensive was still on his desk, where it had been before. Snape was sitting in his chair, studying her carefully. She took a seat, her legs suddenly too weak to hold her. The trip into a bowl, had been an experience she could have gone without. It made her feel insignificant, smaller than her already 4'11 height. She shuddered. It made her feel tingling, and made her limbs feel like jell-o.

Finally Snape moved, his eyes turning from her to study the dingy walls. "Miss Tsukino when you first arrived at this school, you were placed in my house. You were not meant to be a Slytherin, and I refused to treat you like one." That was understandable, but it wasn't

right to single her out like he did. From what she saw. And as she reflected on what he had shown her, she was sure he had been much worst.

"I was the only Slytherin you ever marked points off of." she said it slowly, the memory of her saying, thinking that before coming to her. It had been true. She had been singled out, and that hurt.

"Yes, that's true. I didn't trust you, Tsukino. You appeared at this school, with only one person on your side, saying you needed protection. Unlike Albus, I am unable to take things face value." He was staring at her coolly, his eyes dark and blank like she remembered.

Usagi shook her head. "But there's more, to it. More than what you're saying isn't there?" the man across from her sighed, "Do not assume anything Tsukino. You were a misplaced student, I treated you like I did any other student who wasn't in my house."

"What I don't understand is, is it either your avoiding Mr. Potter, and Mr. Malfoy, or avoiding everyone all together?"

Usagi frowned her mind wondering to that voice once more. She had heard it before, when she had sat at the Slytherin table with this man. When he had offered his help. Like he had done two years ago.

With a heavy sigh, Usagi pushed herself out of the chair. She was relieved to find she had her strength back. "Domo artigato Professor Snape, for helping me." Turning she started for the door.

"She was right." The voice was soft, coming from behind her, when she had reached the door. Slowly she turned. Snape was looking down at his desk, his brows drawn together. She was sure he hadn't meant for her to hear. In fact she was sure he hadn't meant to say anything at all.

"Who was right?"

She swallowed hard, feeling the strain in her chest. He didn't look up, his eyes only stared thoughtfully at the pensive. As if it held the answers.

"I didn't believe her, not even a part of me thought it could happen." the corner of his mouth lifted, causing her to frown in confusion. What was he talking about? "That infernal woman had said-" he looked up then, his eyes staring at her so intently, that she backed up. Instinctively she reached for the doorknob. Why was he staring at her like that for?

"I tried so hard to hate you. I tried hard, to find anything about you that would make me hate you more. But that infernal women had been right." he shook his head, looking away. "She said, I would respect you, that sooner or later it wouldn't matter how much I tried."

He scoffed, his eyes narrowing on the wall. "Bloody woman..." he shook his head, mumbling something she couldn't hear.

Usagi slipped from the room quietly, and shut the door. Leaning against it, she thought about what she had just learned.

Frowning, she stated to no one in particular, "I think its time I got some information out of Draco." With that said, she pushed herself from the door. Moving silently, she made her way to the Slytherin common room, which right down the hall.

She hadn't been living in Tokyo for very long. But you would think, that after two years, she would have at least made one descent friend.

But in fact, she hadn't. No one, not in the school she went to, nor the places she hung out at, wanted to go near her. Except the guy behind the counter that is. But she couldn't exactly call him a friend, now could she?

Pushing the door open she listened for that familiar jingle as she stepped inside. The place was brimming with life with kids. A lot of them being students at her School. A school she would be leaving in a few months. And off she would go, back to England. Something she was looking forward to, but was dreading also.

She couldn't wait to start acting again, and maybe, if she was lucky, start her modeling career early. But a part of her didn't want to leave. Which was why she had stayed here for a little over two years now. A part of her, was waiting, waiting for someone...

"Welcome back Minako."

The young girl, who entered the small arcade looked at the counter. The blond haired man stood behind the counter like he did every day of the week. His green eyes watched her, as she walked towards him. He was dressed casual, and comfortably for the winter air.

Her eyes, like everyday since the first day two years ago, gazed at the people, who had found comfort within this building, from the chilly outside air. She recognized a few faces, all of them, pretty much wore the same school uniforms she was dressed in at the moment.

One girl was seated in the far corner, like she was everyday. On the large table, were several books, and stacks of paper. The girl, Minako knew from school, was also in a few of her classes. She was always studying, but it was just this year she had migrated from the old library to the arcade.

Taking a seat in her designated stool, she slipped on an easy smile for the man who stood before her. "Let me guess, you want to the usual." With a nod, she answered, "Naturally."

She watched as he smirked, and with that left her so that he could go make her usual. One of these years, he was going to get smart on her, and it was going to be here waiting for her, instead of him waiting for her. She smiled at the thought.

Turning, she studied the thinning crowd. Mobs were herding out the door, having already their fair share of time at the arcade. It was starting to get late.

Minako studied the dark haired girl in the corner. She was really shy, and liked to keep to herself. Or so, Minako thought. The girl hardly ever talked to anyone. But then, Minako wasn't any better.

No one seemed to want to talk to either of them.

“Don’t you know staring is kind of rude.” Startled, the blonde looked up. She recognized the girl. How could she not? The girl had a rap sheet a mile long, and a nasty glare that was always directed to anyone who got too close. Minako realized then, that the other girl was way too close.

“I wasn’t...”

The young brunette, raised a quizzical brow at her. “Oh, you weren’t? Then what were you doing?”

No one had really warned her, about this girl. But from the rumors in the school, this girl had been kicked out of five schools, and nearly killed one of her old teachers. Not someone you wanted to upset, Minako had quickly deduced.

Laughing nervously, Minako scratched the back of her head. What kind of excuse could she come up with, to save her skin this time?

“Makoto try not to pick a fight, please. At least wait until you leave my arcade.” the green eyed girl swiveled in her stool, directing her attention to the blond haired man behind the counter. He set down Minako’s usual, and regarded the brunette with a frown. The girl smirked, the glare slipping from her face. “Sure no problem, Motoko-kun. Just as long as she stops staring at Ami-san.”

Minako raised an eyebrow at this. Was it possible that the school’s Amazon, was friends with the school’s Genius? Well there was a surprise if she ever did see one...

Makoto shoved herself from her stool, and waved to Motoki before she headed towards the blue haired girl sitting in the far corner. The blonde watched, unable to heed the taller girl’s warning. She felt like she should know them... Like she had, at one time or another. But there was nothing, not even a trace of a meeting, that is until now. Sure she knew their names, how could she not? They were known all over the school. No one approached them, but everyone knew them.

Kind of like how she was treated. Ami Mizuno was a genius, in every class, always ahead of everyone. Makoto Kino was a brute, with some good moves in all different kind of styles of fighting.

Minako didn't look away from the two. Makoto had taken a seat across from the blue haired girl. Neither of them talked. Ami wrote, and studied her books, while Makoto stared out the window.

Inside, Minako felt a painful tug in her chest. Like she should be sitting there with them. Sipping her cherry coke, and eating her usual, as they argued over boys.

Grimacing, she turned to her food. She didn't have friends, because no one wanted to be her friend. And she was going to be leaving in a few months. What was the point of making friends now?

Taking her drink, she sipped at it, listening to the chatting around her. As she sat there, she felt like she was waiting. Everyday she found herself waiting. For whom, she wasn't sure.

But she did realize, that every time the bell jingled, and that single door opened, her and the two girls in the corner, lifted their heads to look. They were all waiting for someone. Waiting for that door to open, and see a familiar person skip into the arcade.

Now if only that person would just show up... then everything would be okay again.

Tell me what you think. This story is slowly coming to a close... the end is near I tell. Maybe three more chapters. We'll see... anyway review and tell me how I'm doing...

Thanks for all the previous reviews, I really appreciate it. You guys, who like my story, and give me comments, are great. I love reading them, because they make my day better. And they make me write more. Look forward to hear what you have to say.

Take care, and have a wonderful Valentines. I'll be spending mine in front of the tube with a lot of rented movies and pop corn.... Hehe sounds like a plan to me...

This is LP



Chapter eleven:

### Pieces of an Unknown Puzzle

Stopping at the Slytherin common room, she prepared herself to confront her past. If she was going to find out about it, then the best thing for her to do, would be to ask the one person who would know best. Draco had been the closest person to her then.

He would be the only one who could give her the answers she needed. She raised her hand to knock on the hidden door, when a sound behind her stopped her. Lifting her head, she frowned.

“Usagi.”

The blonde paused, turning slightly at the sound of her name. Albus stood near the stairs, his arms crossed over his middle. “Albus?”

He nodded, and waved one hand towards the stairs. “You’re friends are waiting for you in the great hall. They’re leaving.”

“What?”

Forgetting about Draco, she quickly hurried after the older man. They climbed the stairs, and crossed the entrance hall. For once, the doors to the Great Hall had been left open. Within the room, stood a few of the teachers, along with Hotaru and Haruka.

Walking into the large room, she shivered. It was practically empty, like that day when she had first come here. All but the teachers had been there, the students having yet to arrive.

Usagi looked around the empty room, before looking at the two girls dressed in plain clothing. “You’re leaving already?”

Haruka stuffed her hands into her pockets. “Hai, Setsuna only gave us a month. In a few minutes she’ll be sending us back.” she looked down at the smaller girl, who nodded.

Reaching them, Usagi said, "Well, then, tell everyone I'm okay. I'll be home soon."

Hotaru looked like she wanted to say something, but kept her mouth shut. Seeing the two of them shuffling uneasily, she was the first one to make a move.

She hugged Haruka first, patting her on the back. "I'm not pregnant." The older woman let out a sigh of great relief. The taller blonde pulled back, eyed the smaller girl, before hugging her again. Usagi was started to see that her friend's eyes looked glassy. The sky blue eyes held back tears, as she gushed, "Thanks Kami-sama."

Usagi smiled, holding the older woman tightly to her. "Take care of Michiru-chan." Haruka nodded, and let the girl go finally.

Next Usagi crouched down to pull Hotaru into her arms. "Talk to my family. Tell them, I'll see them soon, okay." the smaller girl nodded, "Hai, Usagi-mama, I will."

When she let the smallest senshi go, she was startled to see her smaller frame slowly fading away. "Hotaru?" she felt her heart twist, the ache building as she stared at two of her senshis. She had a strange thought that she might not ever see them again. That now was her last chance to say good-bye. "Be careful, okay. Tell...tell the others too."

The dark haired girl trembled, her eyes widening, as if understanding dawned on her. She moved forward, fighting off the spell that was going to take her home. Usagi looked down as the girl's hand grabbed a hold of her arm suddenly. As if time was becoming short, she spoke quickly, "Please come back Usagi-mama. You must come back to us. Promise you'll come home." She was fading quickly, her body just a hazy image before her, and her strong grip was already faint.

Why would Hotaru think she wouldn't come back?

Tearing her eyes away, Usagi looked at Haruka. The older woman was smiling sadly. "We must let her decide Hotaru." Usagi looked

back down at Hotaru, and felt like she needed to reassure the girl, that she would be coming back. "I'll see you soon Hotaru." Haruka took the smaller girl into her arms, just as their bodies vanished all together.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She hadn't been able to hear their parting words. Their lips had moved but she hadn't been able to hear anything. She wondered that maybe if she stepped forward, she might disappear as well. That she would step into a portal and find her friends waiting for her. But before she could test out the theory, someone behind her cleared their throat.

"Usagi."

The blonde haired girl lifted her head, looking at the aged headmaster. "You should get some rest. For the next couple of weeks, you're going to be quite busy."

She frowned. "I am?"

Albus tilted his head slightly, a knowing look on his face. The one Usagi had learned to fear. "Well for one, teaching your students. Also keeping up with that club you started. And then training to become the headmistress of this school."

"I am??"

She took a tentative step back. Why did she see something bad coming out of this kind of news?

"Yes, because I'm going to be leaving during the Christmas break. For two weeks, you're going to be put to the test at running this school."

"I'm what?!?"

The next few weeks were, as the Headmaster had explained, busy. She hardly had enough time to even think about the fact that her friends were gone. And that her mission was being delayed, again.

But most of all, she was no where near to finding out about her past here.

And the crystal shard, which was still missing, was an unwanted nagging thought in the back of her mind. When she wasn't teaching her classes, she was training.

Days quickly molded into passing weeks.

She didn't even have any time to ask questions, to figure out pieces of the unsolved puzzle of her life. Albus Dumbledore made sure of that.

She had never expected that she would really play Headmistress. Wasn't that Minerva's job? Usagi had always assumed it was a for sure cover for her reasons being at the school. Never had she suspected that Albus was going to make her a headmistress.

Surely he didn't think she was right for the job? If he did, he surely was insane.

Usagi sighed, staring at the papers she had to read. There were a lot of them. Her students first homework assignment, turned out to be a disaster. No one could explain the functions of a rubber duck. They clearly misunderstood her. And now, their second homework assignment, was just alarming.

Sure they couldn't tell her that a rubber duck was an inanimate object used to entertain someone in a bath tub. But they could tell her the uses and functions of the unforgivable curses. What was the world coming to?

Yawning, Usagi rubbed at her eyes, shoving another paper out of her way. Albus was pushing her beyond her capabilities. He was expecting her to teach her classes, and also learn how to run the school. In two days, she would be doing just that. Sure most of the students would be leaving, but still!

Maybe Albus wasn't as wise as she had first pegged him for after all.

“Done yet?”

Startled, Usagi let out a yelp, before jerking her head up. She shouldn't have been surprised to see Draco. Since he was a constant visitor at this time of the day. After the dinner feast he usually snuck away, and found his way in this area of the school. For one reason or another.

Leaning back in her seat and she studied him carefully. He was propped up against the door frame of her classroom, and looking quite smug. If anything, since the closet incident, his determination had intensified. No matter what she said, he always came back.

“Hey.”

He nodded in reply to her greeting, and asked again, “Are you done?”

“Nope.”

She studied her stack with a frown. It didn't look any smaller than it had an hour ago. “Look Draco-”

He shook his head, cutting her off before she could even start her explanation. “When will you be done?”

Usagi sighed, and she finally looked at him. “Can I ask you something?”

He smirked, and he pushed himself from the doorframe. “You just did.” Casually, he entered the room, walking towards her desk in a leisure pace.

“Ha, ha. Look, I've been wanting to talk to you about this for a few weeks now.” Pushing her chair back, she stood, and rounded her desk. He stopped a few feet in front of her. After a brief minute of silence, he asked, “About what?”

To her, he sounded weary, and she half wondered if he already knew what she wanted to ask him. Carefully, she chose her words. “How much do you know about Usagi Tsukino?”

Draco frowned, his brows drawing together in mock confusion. "I don't think I-"

Usagi shook her head, "Yes, you do. Severus showed me. You knew Usagi Tsukino, the girl who disappeared two years ago." inhaling deeply, she added as an after thought, "Tell me, I want- no I need to know what you know about her."

The smile he gave her was rueful, almost mocking. "Don't you mean how much I remember?"

This time she was startled. How much did Draco really know?

With a sigh, he chose a seat in the front, and fell into it. Leaning back, he studied her carefully from where he sat. "That is what you mean, right? How much do I remember about my fifth year? How much do I remember about the blonde haired girls that disappeared?"

Usagi felt herself lean against her desk, but she didn't remember doing it deliberately. It was like her body was preparing her for something she wasn't ready to know. Slowly she nodded.

"I figured as much." He stuffed his hands into the pocket of his robes. "Well, I started to remember things this year. It was when I met you, I believe.

I guess you could call them fleeting images. I would walk into a room, and I would remember something, that was familiar, and yet not. I would remember someone I didn't think I ever met." he sighed, taking his time on explaining.

"I don't remember a whole lot, but I think I remember enough. She was a first year, and was struggling in all of her classes. I was assigned to tutor her."

Usagi nodded, her hands unconsciously gripping the edge of the desk.

"Well, you should. Do you think, that finding out who your father is, is going to keep me from tutoring you?"

Struggling to keep herself composed, she asked, "Wha-what did you say?" she frowned, feeling an ache forming at her right temple. Draco was watching her closely, but didn't add anything.

"Think again. We have to work over time considering how far behind you must be."

Shaking her head, she tried to clear, and asked, "You were tutoring me?"

Now they were back to tutor and student again.

Usagi snorted at the thought. Of course, she was the teacher, he the student. There shouldn't be anything else. Right?

"Usagi what's wrong?"

"Now what's wrong?"

She felt her face warm, even though there shouldn't be a reason for her to feel embarrassed. They were having a decent conversation...for once. Without think about it, she spoke what was on her mind, "If you think I'm going to forgive you for dragging me out of the library without my consent, you have another thing coming."

Usagi frowned. Where the hell had that come from? She looked around herself, in confusion. They weren't outside the library. They were in her office, him sitting at a table, while she used her own desk for support.

"What did you just say?"

Shaking her head, she reached up to massage the part that was beginning to pound. Why couldn't she concentrate on their conversation?

This had happened once before. With Professor Snape. She had started to hear voices, and was talking to herself, without even realizing she had been doing so. Today was the same, she was letting her thoughts get muddled with the conversation.

"I'm sorry, I don't think I'm feeling to well." Draco stood from his chair, and walked towards her. "What are you keeping from me?" he was frowning, his eyes searching her for some clues to answer his question.

"N-nothing, Draco. Look I'm tired, I'm going to go to sleep. I'll see you in class, tomorrow." Moving past him, she started to leave, but paused. "Was that all you remembered? That you were tutoring her?"

He turned to look at her, his eyes narrowed slightly. "No." she hesitated, wondering if she should ask more, but feared he would get upset if she did. Instead he made the decision for her, by saying, "She fought her own father, and died doing so."

Not only had Draco given her a valuable piece of information for her, but he had also created a large crack in the wall of her past. She was starting to remember. Bits of information came. Sometimes in a flood of images or thoughts, sometimes just pieces of a conversation.

Christmas break arrived, and most of the student had left. Only a few remained, hardly enough to make being the Headmistress a trouble really.

It was easier then trying to teach, that much was for certain. Just as surprising as it sounded.

It was only two days into her Headmistress job, when she heard the sound of the staircase moving. Looking up from Albus' desk, she waited till the door to the room opened. Who she saw, startled her.

Shoving her chair back, Usagi asked, "Shingo?"

The messy brown haired boy, she had grown up with, or thought she did, eyed her closely, before entering the room. He shut the door behind him, and moved to sit in an empty chair.



Holding her breath, she wondered what she did to deserve this opportunity. From the get go, Shingo had literally gone out of his way to avoid her. Including by removing himself from her class.

He wasn't anything like her brother in Tokyo, even though he resembled the little twerp. This boy, was taller than her by a good few inches. He was a teenager now, fourteen years old at least.

But unlike her younger brother at home, this Shingo looked more aloof, than cheerful. His attitude did not strike her as a happy go lucky teen, like her Shingo.

"Um, what can I do for you Shingo?"

He was staring at her, with cool blue eyes, the only resemblance between the two of them. After a few minutes of silence he spoke. "You're not my Onee-san." Startled by the statement, she tried to explain to him, she wasn't saying she was, but he cut her off, before she could even begin. "You may look like her, may act like her, even have her name, but you're not her. My Onee-san died two years ago, because our oba-san told her she should find out who her parents were."

Casually, he crossed his arms over his middle, "Her real Oto-san killed her. She was adopted, but she was still my Onee-san. Now I want to know, who are you?"

She had never imagined having this conversation with him. Not even when she realized he was here. So when he ordered her to explain herself, she told him the truth, because it was all she could come up with at the moment.

"I'm Usagi Tsukino, as you already know. I'm sixteen, and I've lived in Tokyo, Japan all my life. I have an Okaa-san, and an Oto-san, and an Oototo I live with." She hesitated only for a fraction of a second, before adding, "And I live in a different dimension. Where I'm from, I was adopted by the Tsukinos when I young. Ikuko and Kenji Tsukino. A few years later, they had a boy, and named him Shingo." She watched his face for a reaction.

There was a slight movement, but hardly any activity to show he was believing her or not. "It may sound absurd but it's true. I'm from a different timeline, where I didn't become a witch, but I became Sailor Moon."

This time he moved. He shifted in his seat, slightly leaning towards her. "You're my Onee-san in a different dimension?" She hadn't expected him to believe her so readily.

Usagi nodded, "Hai. Sort of like that. I'm not even supposed to be here. But I am because I need to fix a mistake a friend of mine made." After another hesitation, she finally relented. Pulling out her brooch, she held it in her hand. A few seconds later the crystal from within materialized before them.

She let the younger boy stare in fascination for a full minute, before saying, "From what I learned, I'm a reincarnation of your Onee-san. When she died, this shattered." Pointing at the near flawless crystal, she pointed out a small chip in the perfect sphere. "And a piece is still missing. Without this piece, our worlds are still linked."

Shingo nodded, taking everything in strides. She wondered if it had to do with the fact that he was a wizard. Because usually, she was sure, a normal person would be doubtful with what she was saying. But the boy was believing everything she said, without a question or visible doubt.

She let the crystal return to its original place in the brooch, before pocketing it. It wasn't until it was gone, before he started talking again. And what he said, told her enough.

"Our parents died a year before we went to Hogwarts. We lived with our oba-san for a year before she told us we had magic. Then a month later, we went to Hogwarts.

I was placed in the Gryffindor house, my Onee-san in the Slytherin house. It hadn't been fair, she wasn't meant to be a Slytherin. No one thought she did. Our Obasan wanted her to find out who her parents were, and what happened to them."

He smiled bitterly, but didn't waste long to continue. "It wasn't long into the year before they started disappearing. Girls, not from a certain house, or a certain year, but from all of them. But they were all blonde, and they had blue eyes. Soon all the girl's had to have an escort. But things didn't get bad until Christmas."

Usagi shivered, thinking about her nightmare. Instinctively she reached up, touching the marks on her face. They were still there, so much a part of her, she hardly thought about them.

"Yea. It wasn't until I saw those, that I decided to talk to you. They happened to her too. She got a present for Christmas. Some sick prank. There was a rat, and poison needles. The poison made the marks permanent. People started talking then. Rumors spread."

"Do you know what they say, when I leave the room, do you hear them talking when I lay in my bed and close my eyes. Do you understand, what I go through day in and day out, night after night, listening to them?"

Usagi felt tears sting her eyes. She knew. She understood. Even now after all this time she could hear their accusations, see their accusing stars.

"She was the Dark Lords musume. And those girl's disappeared because he wanted her. He was trying to find my Onee-san."

"Poor, poor first year, you shall take the blame. Troubled, troubled first year, they are all the same."

She shivered, feeling a chill crawl up her spine. Shoving the feeling aside, she forced herself to speak, "Artigato Shingo. For coming and talking to me. I'm slowly able to put the pieces together. And soon I'll be able to go home."

Which she dearly hoped was true. As much as she liked it here, a part of her was homesick. She missed her friends. The longer she stayed her, the more distant she felt from them. Like the bonds that held them together were depleting.

Shingo nodded, and slowly he stood. He stopped from leaving to look at her. After a brief inward debating, he finally asked her, "What's going to happen when you leave?"

Usagi frowned, thinking over his question. What was going to happen indeed?

If she took the crystal back with her, the link would be severed. Wouldn't then, all evidence of her existence be erased? Would she forget everything she had been through during her stay here?

"I don't know. I never really thought about it."

He didn't comment on that, but instead left the office silently, leaving Usagi to debate whether she was willing to do that. To leave, and forget. Sure she had done it before, but this time she would have to go willingly.

One thought plagued her for the rest of the day, if the time arose, would she be able to say good-bye?

Well there we are, another chapter written. Sorry it took so long to get out, but things have been difficult with writers block, and my teachers hounding me with so much homework....

But I got it out, and I hope you enjoyed it. More is revealed. Now the question is, the real question, will she ever finish this mission? We all hope so, because LP can ramble on for years with this kind of story. Hehe.

Tata, LP

## Chapter twelve:

### A Time to Remember

You couldn't exactly call it a date, right? Yeah sure, he was taking her to Hogsmeade, where it would be just the two of them, but...

Usagi rubbed her hands together nervously. She was waiting in a corridor on the third floor. She had been told to wait near a statue of a humped back, one eyed witch. Go figure...

A slight shiver ran up her spine, and she pulled away from the wall to look. She was alone, just like she had checked five minutes ago. Surely, he wasn't going to stand her up!

Just when she was thinking about leaving, she heard someone coming. Turning, she was greeted with the person she had been waiting for. "Hey," Usagi flashed the older boy a wide grin. "Hey Harry!"

Harry joined her next to the statue, and asked, "Are you ready?" Nodding, she followed him when he turned to the one eyed witch. He took out his wand, and whispered, "Dissendium." he tapped the witch with his wand.

Usagi jerked back, when the witch opened up. "H-how?" Harry looked up and down the hallway, and finding it clear, he waved for her to walk inside.

Hesitant to go in, she asked, "Where does this go?" Harry stepped out of the way to let her in, so she entered into the dark hallway. "It's going to take us to Hogsmeade."

Nodding, she looked down the dark corridor, with a frown. She wondered faintly, that maybe she should tell him how much she hated the dark.

"Sneaking around again Potter? I should have known," the cocky sneer was enough to steer her around from her impending doom held within the darkness, to face the blinding light of the doorway. Sticking

her head out into the opening, she peeked out over Harry's shoulder to get a better look. Flashing a grin, she waved to the other occupant in the desolate corridor, that contained the humpback witch. "Hey Draco-chan."

The white haired boy frowned, when he saw her. "What are you doing here Usagi?" the smile slipped from her face. There was almost a hint of malice in his voice when he had said her name.

Before she could say anything, Harry blocked her from the other boy's sight. As he did so, he pulled out his wand. "What do you want Malfoy?"

Unable to see him, all she could do was listen to his sneered reply, "Move out of my way Potter, or I swear I'll-" seeing that a fight would be inevitable unless she intervened, she pushed passed Harry. "It's all right Harry." Nodding to the black haired boy, she stepped away from him, to face Draco.

He stood in front of her, his hand fisted around his wand. "Care to explain..." his face was stained red, his eyes once a cool blue reflected a burning rage.

Matching his glare, and scowl with one of her own, she placed both of her fists on her hips. "What's wrong with you?" his eyes smoldered with barely contained anger. Sighing, she added, "Minerva took over for me today. And since I couldn't find you, I asked Harry if he would take me to Hogsmeade. I've never been there before."

It was half the truth. It had been Harry who offered to take her. But there was no reason to tell Draco this...

"She better be everything you say she will be." Sailor Uranus leaned her hip up against the counter. She gave the eldest of their little group a once over. The supposedly wise Sailor Pluto, had just informed the trio that in a few days things were going to change.

Next to her, her partner sighed, "Uranus, please. I'm sure Pluto wouldn't be making a mistake in something this important." Uranus scoffed, rolling her blue eyes towards the ceiling. Instead of getting

into a fight with her partner, which she knew she would lose, she turned to the new person.

Sailor Pluto, the guardian of time, stood before her, holding her time staff. She appeared to be their age, but Uranus knew better than to think that. "Look lady, try to see it from my point of view. I've been battling youmas for years, without a stitch." She shot her partner a look, before the smaller woman could interrupt her. It always unnerved her, the strange link they shared between them. "And out of the blue you show up, saying that some girl is going to take the throne, which hasn't existed for over a millennia."

Just thinking about it gave her a migraine.

Sighing, she waved a hand at the older woman, "Shouldn't she be tested? Maybe prove that she's worth the title?" Uranus lifted a brow, when the dark haired woman chuckled, and a strange look appeared in her garnet eyes. Why did she feel like she'd seen that before?

At last, Pluto finally spoke, "But she already has proven herself. She has proven time and again that she will be a worthy Queen." Uranus frowned. That just wasn't enough to settle her nerves.

Looking to her partner, she silently asked for her opinion. "Oh, so I can talk now?" Uranus smirked, and gave the shorter woman a curt nod.

To her satisfaction, Sailor Neptune scowled. "I think you should take her word on it. When we meet the future Queen, you can test her out yourself, if your still not impressed." Uranus tilted her head, thinking that over.

Sailor Pluto sighed, "I don't have a whole lot of time. The future Queen of the Earth, will be arriving, in a few days. When that happens, she will awaken her guardians, and build Crystal Tokyo." she paused, letting that information sink in, before continuing, "You three, will be sent out to guard the outer solar system. I guarantee the Queen will be to your liking. Now I must leave to collect her."

Uranus snorted, "Collect her? From what?" Pluto tapped her staff once on the floor of the barren apartment. Behind her, a portal formed. "Be prepared for a new beginning." With that said, she stepped back, and vanished when the portal closed around her.

"What's wrong Uranus?" Neptune paused from leaving, looking back at the taller woman with a concerned look. Uranus sighed roughly, raking her fingers through her short blonde hair. "I just have this feeling like there's more to this than I'm seeing."

Pushing herself from the counter, she sauntered towards her partner. The shorter woman snorted. "Oh, hai, I know how you feel. But still, that's no excuse for the way you acted."

Uranus paused to stare at the sea-green haired woman's back. "The way I acted?"

"We'll be talking about your attitude problem later."

Spluttering, the taller woman followed her partner, "Attitude problem? What attitude problem?"

The third of their party giggled, as she followed the two older women. Being the youngest, and the smallest of the trio, she tagged behind, sniggering at Uranus' petty attempts to redeem herself. "Oooh, Uranus gets the couch tonight..."

What happened after that she was clearly uncertain. The plan had been made for her and Harry to spend the day visiting Hogsmeade. But now, after the confrontation with Draco, the plan changed. Harry left her, saying that he had other things he needed to do.

After watching the black haired boy's figure turn the corner at the end of the hallway, Usagi turned towards Draco with a frown. "Why did you do that?" she waved a hand in the direction Harry had taken. "He's my friend."

The white haired boy snorted, and entered the dark corridor, with only his wand to light his way. "Headmasters shouldn't pick students as friends."



Shooting the boy a withering look, she followed. Behind her, the entrance closed, locking them inside. "Well for one, I'm a Headmistress. And I don't care what you think." She ignored the seething look he gave her for that comment. "Harry's a nice person. Which I thought you were too. But as always, you proved me wrong."

Shoving passed him, she purged on ahead, not caring what might be at the end of the tunnel.

"Usagi." His exasperated voice did nothing to dampen her mood either. Whirling around, she waved her index finger at him. "lie Draco. Ever since I got here, you've been nothing but- but a baka. To me, and to everyone else. Well, I'm fed up with your attitude." Turned back around, she continued walking.

After several loops, and twists, in the uneven floor she walked on, she found herself at a stairway. Pushing on she started to climb. Even though her body was already sore, she kept going. Draco was still behind her, and that was enough to keep her moving.

At long last, she reached a trap door. Without so much as a thought, she shoved it open, and found herself in a cellar. Climbing out, she left the hatch open for Draco, as she inspected the spacious, but clustered room.

As Draco climbed out, so she busied herself by dusting off imaginary dust from her robes. It wasn't until he shut the trap door, did she move to the stairs leading out. Easing the door open, she glanced out to see if it was safe.

Seeing that the room was occupied by several people, it was hardly a chance that anyone would notice the two of them sneaking out. Everyone was too busy shopping for candy. Being as silent as she could, Usagi slipped out into the room, with Draco following close behind her. Together, they eased into the crowd, and worked their way out the door.

Once outside, Draco finally decided to speak, "It appears your judgment in character isn't all that great. If you thought I was a nice person, I hope I corrected that right away."

Usagi spun on her heels, turning to give him an incredulous look. "Why are you acting like this? Again! It's like that time out on the Quidditch pitch. You're were a acting like a royal ass." she waved her arms around wildly.

The boy snorted, "You're drawing attention to yourself Usagi, you might want to calm down."

That does it! Shoving him back, she snapped, "I will not calm down! I am sick and tired of people telling me to relax, and to calm down! You are the last person I ever plan to have ordering me to calm down, you pompous bakayaro!"

Feeling an unimaginable amount of anger flaring within her, she stalked away. "Usagi, you're acting like a child."

Rage roared from inside her, and she let out a menacing growl, as she screeched to a halt. She turned once again to look at him. "Listen here buddy. I'm here on a simple mission, and once its over I'm out of here. Do you understand!?!?"

She stomped back towards him, and lowered her voice so that only he could hear. "I'm going home. To my friends, to my family, and to-." she froze, her voice failing her when she needed it most.

She felt the remnants of her anger slip from her fingers, leaving her feeling vulnerable. Usagi stared at the silver haired boy before her, and felt her control waver.

A sudden chill had her arms wrapping around her form, holding heat to her shivering body. She had hardly noticed the snow during her fit. "I'm in another world. I won't be able to see my family, or my friends. Tomorrow is Christmas, and I'm stuck here."

Tears filled her eyes, and she had to turn from him. "I'm so far away from home." a wave of homesickness picked that moment to wash over her.

"Usagi..."

She shivered again, but this time around, a pair of arms wrapped around her, bringing her into the heat of another body. She lifted her head to look at him.

Draco lead her down the small path. They passed quaint little buildings, and several witches and wizards. Some young, some old.

Finally they reached a building with the name The Three Broomsticks, which Draco directed her inside. The place was quite crowded with witches and wizards alike. One woman seemed to be the only one serving drinks to the crowd of rowdy customers up at the bar.

The two of them reached a table, and Draco helped her find a seat before he disappeared into the crowd. Moments later he returned with two glasses filled to the rim with an unknown drink inside them. "Here." he set her glass down in front of her before taking a seat next to her.

Usagi lifted the glass to her lips, and drank as much of it as she could in one gulp. Swallowing, she shivered once before the delicious taste heated her from the inside out. It was almost the same feeling she had gotten when the waiter at that fancy party gave her one too many glasses. But this time there was no alcohol, or French toast. Which she still couldn't eat without getting sick.

Sighing deeply, she set the glass down. "Feel better?"

Usagi lifted her gaze to the boy next to her. She nodded, feeling a little embarrassed. "Domo artigato." She watched as Draco leaned back in his seat. She lifted the glass again, and took another long sip, letting it wash down her throat.

"That's good."

She sighed, and set her glass back down. "Look Draco..." he held up a hand, cutting her off. "So you planned on leaving anyway..." His eyes never left her face, and the look she saw in them made her shiver.

"Draco I can't stay. I have a world counting on me coming back home. I can't abandon them." her hands tightened around the mug. "Gomen... but there are times where I can't wait to see everyone. But then-" Finally she met his gaze with her own, "I'm going to miss everyone. The people here, the things here."

Draco nodded, as he averted his gaze. "But it's not enough to keep you here."

Usagi frowned, her brows drawing together. "lie, its not. I have a destiny to fulfill. I have to take the throne, marry my fiancé and have Chibi Usa. The Sailor Senshi are supposed to protect our kingdom... They're all counting on me to protect the Earth in my world. I let them down, even if I did find-"

She cut herself off, unable to continue. She gave Draco a pleading look. He just had to understand. But he refused to look at her, his eyes studying the carvings in the table.

Silence lapsed between them, till finally Draco asked, "When do you leave?"

"When I find what I'm looking for."

Inside she was screaming, ripping her hair out, and shouting curses for all to hear. To everyone around her, she sat in Dumbledore's chair, at the teacher's table. She looked calm, taking care to eat her food, without catching too much attention.

The only evidence of her inner turmoil was the frantic look in her blue eyes. She was the headmistress, running the school, and teaching students how to defend themselves from Dark Magic. On the inside, she bellowed loud enough to split her own ear drums.

They were hardly a week into Winter Break, Christmas being tomorrow. And she was stuck here. Her family would enjoy Christmas without her. Her friends would exchange gifts without her. Her cats were gone, and she could only figure they had left with Haruka and Hotaru.

The thought of them brought tears to her eyes. She just wanted to go home. She missed her friends, she missed her family, but most of all, she missed her old life.

Looking at the kids her age, she watched as they ate their meals, talking with excitement with one another. It wasn't fair. How could they get to enjoy their holiday, when she felt so miserable?

Usagi sat there, watching as one by one they left, leaving her alone in the Great Halls. It was still early, Christmas Eve being only half way over. Tonight there would be a feast, and then tomorrow morning would be the gifts.

I wonder if they-

Her train of thought was shattered, when another presence appeared close to her. Lifting her head, she stared at him.

"Usagi."

Draco Malfoy stood towering over her, a familiar smirk on his face. She frowned, wondering again if he was trying to go out of his way to talk to her. Insult her, or flirt with her.

At times he could make her so mad, but others...

Sighing, she shoved back her chair. "Hello Draco." she rounded the table to come to his side, and together they started for the door. "Did you need something?"

He didn't answer, but instead, took her hand, and started to drag her from the Great Hall.

“Um, where are we going?” she glanced around as they climbed the marble staircase. And then climbed another set of stairs. Usagi scowled, when they reached their fifth set of stairs. “Draco...”

The boy, who held her hand tightly in his chuckled, “Trust me.” She snorted at that.

They reached the seventh floor, and followed a hallway towards a dead end. But instead, he came to at a single door. “Draco, I’d really like to know what you’re up to.”

“Usagi, where do you want to be at most, right now?” Usagi frowned at the odd question. Why did he care where she wanted to be at? He sure hadn’t cared, when he dragged her up all those stairs!

“I wouldn’t mind being in my room!” she wrenched her hand from his, and started to leave. But before she could even turn, Draco turned the doorknob, and pushed the door in front of him open.

Usagi gasped, her eyes widening at the sight she saw. “lie.” her eyes flew about the room before her, unable to believe in what she was seeing. A twin size bed near a window, was covered with a blanket decorated with bunnies. Clothes, a school uniform, and the outfit she had worn the day before Setsuna had come for her, laid on the floor.

Stuffed animals, bunnies of all sizes were thrown about, a closet door had been left open. Her clothes hung inside.

Hesitantly, Usagi walked into the room. She looked at each and every item. This was her room. Everything was as she left it. The book of spells was left open on her mattress. Her towel, that Pluto had neglected to tell her about, laid near the windowsill. “Kami-sama.” She moved towards the window, and looked out. She couldn’t see the Forbidden forest, nor the Quidditch pitch. Instead, she was staring at the street her house was on.

With tears in her eyes, she turned to the door. Draco stood there, glancing at the room, with slight disgust. She choked on a laugh, unable to keep back her sob. “I’m home.”

Usagi dropped to her knees, and her hand clutched at the locket she wore on her chest. She was finally home! She could almost smell her Okaasan's cooking. "H-how?"

The white haired boy sighed, and finally walked into the pink and white room. "Its called the Room of Requirements. What ever you need, will appear in this room." Slowly, he moved towards her, and only stopped, when his shadow loomed over her.

When he crouched down to her level, she looked up to meet his eyes. "Why?" he chuckled ruefully, his eyes moving away from hers. "I don't know. It might have to do with, me remembering everything."

"What?" Usagi stared at him. He remembered that year?

"I remembered how you died. It was, in this room, the Room of Requirements."

"What are you doing?"

Usagi blinked, startled to hear Draco's voice, and yet he hadn't spoken. In fact she hadn't seen his lips move at all.

"I'm her guardian. It was my duty to protect her. Now that I have failed, it is my duty to take her home."

She glanced around, her eyes searching for Setsuna. She knew that voice, but the Guardian of Time was not present. Usagi jerked back, when her bedroom vanished. She found herself sitting in a different room. One that looked like a dungeon.

"Where is home?"

She knew this place. Somehow she recognized the turned over table, and stone walls.

"Do not fret Harry Potter. I have not completely failed my hime. She may have died in this life, but she will be reborn."

Draco looked around as well. "It's just like it was that day. Potter and I... we were to late. When we got here, you were already gone."

"Reborn?"

He shifted, so that he sat on his legs, and was seated just inches from her. "I think this might belong to you. When I found it, I didn't know whose it was."

Draco reached into his pocket, and pulled something small out. Not bothering to wait, he took the item between his index finger and thumb, and moved to place it in the tiny hole in the crystal that laid within her brooch.

"The fragment." Usagi watched, as he replaced the very piece she had spent months looking for. The thing that had brought her to this world.

The silver crystal flashed, its light covering everything in an instant, and disappearing just as quickly.

Draco shook his head, and rubbed the heels of his hands into his eyes. They burned from the flash, which had blinded him. Blinking, till the spots in his vision cleared, he looked up at the girl sitting in front of him.

"What the..."

He jerked back, falling onto his rear in his haste to move away. When he had looked before, he had seen Usagi. But now, someone else sat in front of him.

It wasn't too hard to see the similarities, but the differences were extreme.

The woman in front of him was older, much older. And while Usagi looked naïve, and cheerful, this woman held an elegance he had never seen before. Unlike her robes she had worn before, she now wore a silk white dress, that fit her every curvy. Wings made of silk came from the back of the dress, almost giving her an angel like



appearance. Her hair, was still golden, appeared longer, but was still kept in the unique style, he placed as Usagi's.

But this woman wore a golden crown between the buns, one that was made for royalty.

The stranger, finally opened her eyes, revealing blue pools. Usagi's eyes. "Who-who are you?"

She didn't smile, but she didn't frown either, at his question. She simply answered it, "I am Neo-Queen Serenity."

Draco snorted, wondering if maybe Usagi was playing some kind of mind game with him. Playing along, he asked, "What happened to Usagi?"

The woman tilted her head, and her eyes looking about them, before she replied, "Usagi? Oh, hai, Usagi." This time she did smile, but it was a sad smile, one filled with loss. He suddenly feared her answer.

"Gomen, but she is gone. Her energy expired, and I was finally released."

"What!" Draco shot to his feet, horrified. "What do you mean, expired!" The one who called herself Serenity sighed sadly. "Again, gomen, but the one you know as Usagi, died. When the Crystal was restored, she wasn't needed any longer."

He stumbled back, his feet feeling like lead weights.

"Mr. Malfoy."

He whipped around at the familiar voice. "You!" he stared at the same woman, who had taken Usagi from him two years ago. "What happened to Usagi?!"

Setsuna looked away, and her gloved hands tightened around her staff. "I'm sorry Draco. But two Usagi's cannot exist in the same world."

He glared at her, "Bring her back." He pointed at the woman still on the floor, and shouted, "Bring her back!!!"

"Draco."

Stiffening, Draco looked back at Serenity. It sounded like her, and yet it didn't. "I know that name." Her smile was weak, but it was there. The older version of Usagi stood. She was beautiful, breathtaking. But she wasn't Usagi.

She was nothing like Usagi.

"I want you to bring her back!"

Setsuna shook her head, "You do not understand, Draco. Usagi never existed. She was a shell, that contained Princess Serenity's spirit. She is gone."

Draco felt his world shatter, at those three words. He had never thought he would hear them again. Not after what happened last time. Not when he found her again.

Who would be cruel enough to take her away from him twice?

"Your Highness, your Senshi and King wait for you at the time gates."

A portal formed behind the guardian of time, and she waved a hand towards Serenity. The woman, who stood behind him, slowly walked towards the portal. But hesitated, when she reached his side.

Draco looked up when the woman turned to look at him. "Do not be so sad. Your happiness awaits you in the future." She then leaned forward and kissed his cheek before continuing towards the portal.

"Not all is lost. Come Pluto, it is time to create Crystal Tokyo at last."

With that said the Queen stepped into the portal. Setsuna, who hesitated, glanced back at Draco. Her brows were brought together in surprise, before a soft smile formed on her face. "Hai, not all is lost. I

have not failed her yet.” she looked up, as if seeing something he could not, and stated with affection, “Good-bye old friend.”

The portal closed, taking the guardian and Queen to their world.

Well there you go, the next chapter... I know its coming to a close fast... and that this chapter took me forever to write, but that's because I have been distracted lately. A lot of things happened to me, so I had been unable to write... but here it is, and I hope you like it.. The epilogue will be put up soon. Its already been written, so don't fear...

Oh and look for my next work which I will be putting up sometime this month... Brother of Mine, here is a sneak preview...

'Heero glared at the small girl in front of him. What the hell was going on around here?

Frowning, he sized the kid up and down. She was short, and young, maybe five or six. Her hair was a natural cotton candy pink, which was alarming. But most of all, the girl's eyes where like a pair of cinnamon gems, eyeing him as if he were the-- boogiemán or something.

There was something very wrong about the child standing in front of him. Maybe she was the leader of this base. Sure she was just a kid, but so had been Mariemeia. It could be possible that this kid, who stared at him as if he were a threat to her very existence, could be his mortal enemy.

The girl suddenly wrinkled her nose, the first movement he had seen from her since the woman had left them alone. The umbrella she held in her hand popped open, and started to spin.

It was red in color, with a white line twirling around in a spiral. Grunting, he darkened his glare at the girl. She was trying to hypnotize him. How clever.

She must have used that on his captor, who was baking cookies in the kitchen at that very moment. Maybe he could use the umbrella to his own advantage. If only he could get his hands on it.

Suddenly the girl stomped her foot in agitation, “what is wrong with you!” Blinking, he brought himself back to the present. So the girl had a spoiled streak. She expected everything to work out for her. Heero grunted in reply.

The girl frowned, and instantly the umbrella exploded into a cloud of smoke. He masked his surprise when he found the umbrella had somehow changed into a ball.

Something very strange was happening to the things around him. And the longer he sat there, and mulled over the past few hours, he was beginning to think, that what ever kind of drug they gave him, it sure was a doozy.’

Its going to be pure comedy I tell you... it’s a Usagi/Heero romance... I know you’ll like it

Enjoy!

LP

## Chapter Thirteen

### Good-Byes Don't Have to Mean Forever

The end of the year had arrived, and the seventh year students of Hogwarts stood outside on the lawn. While everyone around him praised the fact that they were graduating, Draco inwardly seethed.

He glared at all the happy faces, and laughter. He sneered at the Slytherin group, who slapped him on the back. After Usagi left, he had revolved back into his normal self. Just as other people had gone back to their normal selves. Lupin had come back to finish Defense Against the Dark Arts lessons, while Dumbledore had returned on Christmas morning, to take up Headmaster again.

Everyone but Draco, and the boy Shingo acted as if Usagi had never even existed.

Gritting his teeth, he stalked away from the group of Slytherins, who were laughing and enjoying the hot sun. How disgusting!

Not bothering to look up, he wasn't surprised when he ran right into someone. But even though it was partially his fault, he didn't bother to hide his fowl mood, "Why don't you watch where you're going!"

"Oh gomen nasasi, I didn't see you." the nervous laugh, and eerily familiar voice caught his attention. Looking up, he was startled to see such a familiar face. Hadn't it been just a few months ago, when she had disappeared? Having expired as that woman Serenity explained?

"You must be one of the student graduating. Congratulations! I've already graduated, just a little under a week ago. I was in a school near Japan." Her smile was soft, and yet it glowed, causing his stomach to do flip flops, and his heart to swoon at the sight.

It was too early for him to see someone looking like her. Why couldn't this girl be someone else? Look like someone else? "I'm here visiting. For a few reasons... and I'm rambling. You probably don't care..."

She flushed, her face burning with slight embarrassment. She acted so much like her. Looked just like her, it was scary. "No, it's okay. I don't mind." A part of him wanted to know this girl. He wasn't sure why. But maybe it was the similarities, the close personalities, or that faint impression that he knew her.

"Honto? Well, I came to see my cousins. You might know them. There's Vesta, Palla, Cere, and Jun Veses. Their not graduating but they go to this school." He nodded, recognizing the name Jun, but not the others. "Also, Albus asked me to come. He says that if I really want to become a Professor, I should check all the schools out, before deciding which one I'll want to go after."

That caught his interest. Tilting his head, he studied the stranger, who was at least was a head shorter than him. She looked like someone he knew, and yet he didn't know this girl. Not physically, but he felt like he should. "A Professor? What do you plan on teaching?"

She looked a little wistful, her hands lacing in front of her, as she replied, "Defense Against the Dark Arts." The irony was almost funny...almost. "Really? you know, I think you'd make a great DADA teacher."

"Honto?" her grin broadened, as her bright blue eyes sparkled, which made him almost giddy inside. He had made her happy. It was an absurd thought, but it made him happy, knowing that because of him, she was smiling. "Domo artigato! That means a lot to me. I'm nervous, but it's something I've wanted to do for some time now..."

She looked at him, her head slightly tilted in thought. "What about you...Oh, how rude of me. I haven't even introduced myself, and I'm rambling on like an idiot."

Holding out her hand, she stated firmly, "Hello, my name is, Matsumoto Usagi, but you can just call me Usagi."

He stared at her for a second, speechless. Was it possible? It was her wasn't it? Maybe not the one he knew from another world, but another version of her, from this one? Glancing at her hand, her wondered if possibly that his mind was playing tricks on him.

So when he finally reached out to shake her hand, he hadn't expected to grab one. But the touch was a shock to his senses. Inside he was shaking, but on the outside, he maintained a decent casual air, as he said, "Draco Malfoy."

Her smile was warm, and soothing to see after months of not. "It's a pleasure to meet you Draco-chan. Care to join me?" She waved a hand to refreshment stand, where food and drinks awaited them.

He nodded, reluctant to let her hand go, but he did, and took a step back, as well. There was a moment of silence. Not an uncomfortable one, but one of understanding, and recognition. Then with a wide grin, she grabbed his hand, and shouted, "Well come on then! We better hurry before those two boys over there eat everything."

He was able to make out Crabbe and Goyle, as the ones she was referring to, before she dragged him to the table.

He was smiling again, his mood lifting higher the longer he spent in her company.

Maybe goodbye didn't have to mean forever after all.

The End

Okay I'm going to clear something up. As you may have noticed, when the crystal was finally completed, Usagi became Neo Queen Serenity. In my interpretation, Usagi doesn't exist in Crystal Tokyo, so when Serenity appears, Usagi dies. Yes she died. But as Pluto said, she would be reborn. And in this epilogue, you can see that. Matsumoto Usagi, is the exact same Usagi Draco knew, just without any memories of Sailors, or her visit to Hogwarts.

Usagi is what she always wanted to be. A normal girl. Now I hope this ending is good. I tried not to end it on a sad note. But I had to find a way to make everyone happy. I couldn't just have her stay. So I went this route instead.

I hope you liked it... oh and I want to put up a quick summery of my next HP/SM story. The continuation of Bunny Moon and the Philosopher stone.

Bunny Moon and the Unwritten Diary: Bunny returns to Hogwarts for her second year. But surviving Professor Snape's class, and enduring Quidditch games against the handsome Gryffindor Keeper, isn't all that she has to face, but she also must tackle the mysterious attacks against the muggle born students, and her sudden black outs. Will Bunny make it through another year, with Snape breathing down her back, and the odd feeling that something isn't quite right with herself?

Sound interesting? I hope so, I'm working real hard on it, and I hope you guys will give it a shot...

Well that's it. Ty for all the wonderful reviews guys...and gals. Hehe have fun reading, and writing, and everything else in life...

LP